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STAGE GUILD MASQUES

MASQUES OF EAST & WEST

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS AND
KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN

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MASQUES OF EAST AND WEST

BY THOMAS WOOD STEVENS & KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN

Edited by WALLACE RICE *with a Foreword by* PERCY MACKAYE

NEW YORK: VAUGHAN & GOMME
MCMXIV

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FOREWORD

The renascence of the Masque in America is attested by the works collected in this volume. It is also attested by the series of Masques published by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Considered in their totality, these Masques performed at the Art Institute of Chicago and those Grove Plays produced annually at midsummer in the Bohemian Redwood Grove, California, already loom large in their significance as authentic forms of living literature. America may well take pride in the conditions of social fellowship, which have demanded poets and artists to express them and in the gifted men who have been forthcoming to meet that demand.

For the prime significance of this renascence of the masque-form is its assurance of a fresh outlet and an enlarged scope for the poet's social function.

In California the Grove Play writers collaborate closely with composers of music in which emphasis is laid upon sung choruses; their collaborations are produced out of doors in a majestic setting of nature.

In Chicago the Masques of the Art Institute and the Cliff Dwellers have been related by their writers to incidental music, but not to choral composition; the emphasis of collaboration has

been rather between poet and painter, than between poet and musician; and the Masques have been produced indoors for architectural backgrounds.

So in their form the Masques of California tend to verge upon the domain of opera; the Masques of Chicago tend to become plays.

With these technical differences, however, both in common require an actable poem adapted to special place and occasion for an audience directly co-operating—through spiritual sympathy and actual participation—in the poem's production.

Thus these requirements of masque making have developed in California the native powers and technique as poets of George Sterling, Will Irwin, Porter Garnett, Charles Field, Hermann Scheffauer and other Bohemian Club writers; and in Chicago notably Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman—the authors of this volume.

Spontaneous and unimpeded collaboration between two dramatic poets is an accomplishment so rare and so rarely successful that one inevitably thinks of Beaumont and Fletcher to cite a success in this special kind as harmonious as Mr. Stevens and Mr. Goodman have achieved together.

Quick imagination, sensitive adaptability, fiery mental fusion are implied in this achievement, and those qualities, which are manifested in their relation to each other as poets, the authors display equally in their approach to the varied themes of these Masques.

A Japanese fragrance of simplicity, for instance, pervades rhythm, atmosphere and choice of word in "The Daimio's Head" as sensitively as a very different sort of exotic color and incense burns in "Montezuma."

These qualities again are precious assets to the masque writer in the all important relation of his work to its visual stage production. For only through proper production can his work approximate its imagined values.

In these Masques Mr. Stevens and Mr. Goodman have collaborated both in imagination and in stage production. In so doing they have developed a sincerity of workmanship, a felicity of conception admirable in result: for their craft a happy precedent and a still happier promise.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Cornish, New Hampshire
May, 1914.

NOTE

The authors of this book admit a grave uncertainty as to whether the word "Masque" is properly used as a title. This uncertainty has been increased by conference with learned friends, of whom each defines the word in his own way, none agreeing. If masques include dramatic entertainments written for festal occasions, and ending with dancing of actors and audience, then four of these pieces are rightly named. If the word masque applies only to works in which the element of allegory is present, only one could be so called, and that with reservations. If "the masque is to the play as bas-relief is to sculpture in the round" but perhaps it were better to admit that the things must be named somehow, in case someone might wish to refer to them, and we choose willy nilly to call them masques.

The first four of them were written in pursuit of a dramatic experiment—that of creating a play that could be performed in the midst of its audience, the audience itself completing the stage picture. This experiment went no further, in "The Daimio's Head," than the writing of a work to be played in something approaching the manner of the Japanese theatre, before an audience dressed in Japanese costumes. In "Montezuma" a different type of production

was attempted. The dramatic movement was devised to take place upon the intricate and beautiful central staircases of the Chicago Art Institute, the audience, (an Aztec populace) being seated in the overlooking corridors. This developed an unexpected weakness in the plan —the space was not large enough for the participants and observers, and the crowding interfered with the effect. The next two masques more nearly fulfilled the condition. But meanwhile the interested group has grown, and now even the spaces in Blackstone Hall are wholly inadequate to the demands of the annual festival of the Art Students' League.

The Masque for 1914, "Rainald and the Red Wolf," most nearly achieved the special purpose of the occasion. It furnished a play in which the audience could be part of the setting, and at the same time preserved an element of surprise for the closing movements. In each of these it should be remembered that the Masque is designed as the dramatic opening of a festival. Usually the Masque has closed with a proclamation, spoken or interpreted in action, of the gayeties to follow.

In the production of these Masques we have had the assistance of a fairly constant group of artists. Thus the place of the Masque in the evening's entertainment has come to be regularly established, and the pictorial phases of production have been in experienced hands. The acting has usually been far from naturalistic, since rhythmic declamation serves better the prologue-like character of the work. Decora-

tive arrangements have often been preferred to realistic groupings. The scenery, where more than hangings and plastic objects are used, has been often sketchy and suggestive in treatment. "The Daimio's Head" was produced wholly with folding screens, and can be so produced on any stage where a platform, allowing of work on two levels, is available. The lighting has usually been arbitrary, for decorative purposes, but never bizarre; it has been the effort of the producers to keep the focus of interest upon the action without darkening the great hall, since by doing so the broad picture of the gala audience would be sacrificed.

T. W. S.

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

THE DAIMIO'S HEAD

A MASQUE OF OLD JAPAN

THE DAIMIO'S HEAD was first produced by The Art Students' League at the Art Institute, Chicago, Mardi-Gras, 1911, with the following caste:

BUCHI, A Badger-Man, a good goblin — Richard Babcock

KOBAYASHI, SHIMIDZU — Gentlemen tea-drinkers — Frank McNellis, Robert Hertzberg

UTA, YASU — Dancing Girls — Elsie Braunhold, Ana Heller

FUNAKOSHI, a young Samurai — Thomas Wood Stevens

O TOYO SAN, a Princess — Edith Emerson

ASANO, OISHI — Counsellors of the Daimio of Sendai — Allen E. Philbrick, Gerrit Sinclair

MATSUDAIRA MUTSA NO KAMI, DAIMIO of Sendai — E. Roslyn Kirkbride

A FOX-WOMAN, a wicked goblin — Luvena Buchanan

HOKUSAI, an Artist — Frederick Cowley

HIS PUPIL — Milton Newman

A MAGISTRATE — Ralph Holmes

FIRST PRIEST, SECOND PRIEST — At the Temple of Kitoji — Roy Hambleton, Carl Scheffler

THE ABBOT OF THE TEMPLE — Frederick Cowley

A DANCER — Mrs. Michitaro Ogawa

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE DAIMIO'S HEAD

[*The stage is set with a great screen representing the Sacred Mountain; paper screens are shifted to represent the various places in which the action occurs. Before the opening of the play, a line of screens extends across the front of the stage. When the audience is seated, a gong is struck and the* DIRECTOR OF THE THEATRE *parts the centre screens, and stepping forward addresses the audience. He is dressed in the costume which he will wear as* BUCHI *in the play and carries the false head representing a badger-goblin under his arm.*]

THE DIRECTOR

Most honorable people, I salute you!
I have made a play.
It is a play of Old Japan.
It is a play of filial piety and just revenge.
It will instruct the young in the courtesy due to
an honorable enemy,
And the old will renew from it their sympathy
for the loves of youth.
Give me your honorable attention.
I celebrate the sacred Pilgrimage of a young and
dutiful princess.
I rehearse for you how she meets and binds to
her service a young Samurai,

How together they take the life of a powerful prince, her father's foe,
How they bear his head with humility and reverence to the grave of her father,
And how they are guarded on their journey by a Badger-Man, a good goblin—
An unseen spirit in the service of her father's honorable ghost.
The lady is O Toyo San, daughter of the Daimio Sugihara of Kitoji.
The young man is Funakoshi.
The Daimio, whom they kill, is Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Prince of Sendai.
The Goblin, the Badger-Man, is one Buchi.
When the screens part, you will honorably imagine a tea garden in the Spring.
You will imagine the floating cherry petals.
You will see Funakoshi, loitering with dancing girls.
Presently will come O Toyo San, led by the invisible Buchi.
Funakoshi will befriend her.
At first she will look upon him with contempt.
But hold! I must not tell you everything.
With your honorable permission, the play shall begin.
[*He claps his hands. The porters take away the screens and he withdraws with them.*]

SCENE I.

[*The Scene is a tea-garden.* KOBAYASHI *and* SHIMIDZU *are seated together at the extreme left.* FUNAKOSHI *is reclining on his elbow at the extreme right.* UTA *sits beside him with a stringed musical instrument in her hands.* YASU *kneels upright beside him. The other tea-house girls, dancers, etc., kneel or stand behind* FUNAKOSHI *and are giving their entire attention to him to the complete exclusion of the other guests.*]

KOBAYASHI

This is shameful service. [*Claps his hands.*]
Hi, hi! Bring us some tea at least.

SHIMIDZU

They flutter about like little foolish butterflies.

KOBAYASHI

Tush, don't you see the flower that draws them?
Look over there. [*Points to* FUNAKOSHI.]

SHIMIDZU

He has a noble look.
Is he a young prince?

KOBAYASHI

Poof. He's a Ronin, a swash-buckler, a bravo out of service. [*Claps his hands.*]
Hi, hi! Bring us some wine and cakes. [*They are served at last and subside.*]

YASU

[*to* FUNAKOSHI]

The dance pleasures you no longer?
Shall I sit down beside you, Master?

FUNAKOSHI

Sit down beside me, little flower. [YASU *sits down.*]

YASU

You are sad.
I would blow your sadness away with the breath of my fan!
What shall I do to blow your sadness away?

FUNAKOSHI

Dance for me the Dance of the Last Snows of Spring.

UTA

We have danced it twice and you have not even smiled.

FUNAKOSHI

Sing for me the Song of the First Snows of Autumn.

YASU

It is a sad song. I will not sing it.

UTA

I think he is in love!

ALL THE GIRLS

[*clapping their hands*]

Yes, yes; he is certainly in love.

FUNAKOSHI

Yes, I am in love.

YASU

With whom are you in love?
[O TOYO *enters. No one notices her.*]

UTA

She must be very cruel!

FUNAKOSHI

I love you all. I fear I love you too well;
I love your wine;

I love your dances;
I love your soft arms about my neck.

YASU

If you love us, you should not be sad.

FUNAKOSHI

[*catching sight of* O TOYO]

Who is that?
Who is that standing by the gateway?

ALL THE GIRLS

Oh! Oh! Oh! See! See!
[*They run to* O TOYO *and crowd around her.*]

O TOYO

[*timidly*]

I have trodden the road for a day,
Nay, for two days, and have tasted food but once.
I pray you give me food.

YASU

[*approaching* O TOYO]

Your clothes are soiled with walking, but they were once very fine.
They are the clothes of a lady, the daughter of a lord or a prince.

UTA

I think she must have stolen them.

O TOYO

I go upon a holy pilgrimage. I pray you feed me.

UTA

Listen to her order us about!
She is a dancing girl run away from her master.
We will get into trouble if we take her in.

O TOYO

I will sit down. Bring me some rice and tea.

YASU

My fine lady, you shall go into the kitchen and eat with scullery maids,
And when you have eaten you shall dance.

FUNAKOSHI

Be quiet!
[*To* O TOYO] Honorable lady, I beg you to accept the service and protection of an humble gentleman.
Here are some cakes and wine and rice.

O TOYO

I thank you. [*She seats herself.*]

UTA

[*to* FUNAKOSHI]

A moment ago you loved us, unfaithful one, and now you take up a draggled runaway,
An Eta, for all we know!

FUNAKOSHI

Peace! Look at her!
Can you not see that she is well-born?

YASU

Does a well-born lady go running about the country without attendants?
Beware, my lord Funakoshi, she is a goblin or a Fox-Woman, come to bewitch you.
If I had my way, she should be pitched out again into the road.

FUNAKOSHI

Be quiet! Leave the lady in peace.

O TOYO

[*coldly*]

I thank you for your kindness.

FUNAKOSHI

Your voice is like a chilly little wind speaking
among the stalks of frozen flowers.
Have I angered you with my presumption?

O TOYO

I can but thank you.

FUNAKOSHI

You honor me with your thanks.
But I am not a common man;
I am a Samurai, the cadet of a great house.
You do not demean yourself in talking with me.

O TOYO

I am weary. I must beg you to let me eat in
silence.

[BUCHI, *who has entered with* O TOYO, *has remained by the gate. He is supposed to be invisible. He now steals up behind* O TOYO *strikes a grotesque attitude, and speaks over her head.*]

BUCHI

They do not see me. I am a spirit—a goblin.
No one sees me.
I am a puff of wind.
I pass unseen, unheard. I can do all things.
But I am kind. I shall guard the little Lady.
Her father was my friend. I shall guard her
well.
Already this young man loves her.
Her image trembles already in his sight like a
young moon trembling in a mirror of
steel.
I have led her to him that he may do her service.
I shall bind him to her service.

I shall bind him to her as a wise armorer binds
armor upon the body of his lord.
Hist!

FUNAKOSHI

Will you not tell me your name? Even your
name would seem a chime of bells,
A chime of gentle, golden, twilight bells,
Rung from a scarlet shrine.
[O TOYO *shakes her head, looking from him to the dancing girls.*]
At least I may look upon you,
Even if you will not speak, I may look upon
your face.
The pleasure of looking upon your face is like
the pleasure of looking upon a pool of
lotus in the garden of the Tycoon.

O TOYO

[*more gently*]
Sir, I have been discourteous;
I humbly beg that you forgive me.

FUNAKOSHI

Again she has spoken and it is like the tinkling
of silver rain in a basin of water-lilies.

O TOYO

Your face is kind, your voice is gentle.
Can it be that your face is only a mask,
Your voice only a samisen?

FUNAKOSHI

I know not what you mean, but speak to me again.

O TOYO

Just now when I came in, these dancing girls,
these butterflies,
Spoke to you as one speaks to a familiar,
One who has loitered often with such as they.

FUNAKOSHI

Lady, you shame me.

O TOYO

Is there no service for your sword,
No splendid vengeance which you brood upon,
Waiting your time?

FUNAKOSHI

Listen!
That you may know me not so base as I appear.
My hand is held from a bloody deed of the most honorable nature,
Only by most unfortunate circumstances.
I pray you to believe me an honorable gentleman.
Because—forgive me—I love you.

O TOYO

Honorable sir,
I appreciate your courtesy.
You have not inquired into my present circumstances.
Alas, they must seem to you strange, if not unmaidenly.
I go upon a most imperative mission;
I go upon a pilgrimage of filial piety.
I must not think of love.

FUNAKOSHI

Lady, I am the dust of the road under your little sandals,
Yet, I am presumptuous.
I pray you let me go with you.

O TOYO

I go to seek the life of my father's slayer.
The spirit of my father cannot rest.
I am the last of his house.

There is no hand but mine to avenge him,
No hand but this pale little hand,
Which can hardly lift a dirk.
Yet, he shall be avenged,
And I shall carry the head of Matsudaira,
Of Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Daimio of Sendai, to the Temple of Kitoji.

FUNAKOSHI

But this Daimio of Sendai, he is a great lord.

O TOYO

I shall carry it, all the way in mine own hands,
And I shall place it with fitting ceremony upon the grave of my honored father,
And his spirit shall be at peace.

FUNAKOSHI

He will be guarded close.

O TOYO

He will not fear a woman—

FUNAKOSHI

Now the high gods and the spirits of my ancestors be praised.
I have found worthy service.
I may go with you, Little Lady of Heaven?
Say that I may go with you.

O TOYO

You may go with me. [*They join hands.*]

BUCHI

[*stepping forward.*]

You see she has taken his hand,
O Toyo San has taken the hand of Funakoshi
And his heart trembles at the touch of her little hand. [*The screens are drawn.*]
It is shaken as the leaves of a fortunate tree are shaken by the wings of the happy birds.

While he walks beside her, the land will swim
with sunshine.
But as yet she, the little lady, thinks only of
her pilgrimage.
The road is long which leads to the castle of
the Daimio of Sendai
A march of days and days,
But they are already upon the road.
Poof! Behold! I have blown the days away,
And O Toyo San and Funakoshi are come al-
ready to the castle of my master's foe.
When the screens are taken away, you will see
a room in the castle;
You will see the Daimio of Sendai;
You will see him with his counsellors.
You will hear wise words and pious regret for
an evil act.
Presently will come O Toyo San demanding
justice.
But I must not tell all the story. Attend—
[*He claps his hands and the porters withdraw the screens.*]

SCENE II.

[*When the screens part,* MATSUDAIRA, ASANO *and* OISHI *are seated in the centre of the stage.* THE DAIMIO *faces the audience and the Counsellors are on either side of him facing each other.*]

ASANO

My lord, we are men of little wit.
In what shall we offer counsel to Matsudaira
Mutsa No Kami, Daimio of Sendai.

THE DAIMIO

Age comes upon me in stealth.
He gnaws my heart like a rat,
And I may not strike him down.

OISHI

Age is a well of wisdom.
Your people shall drink wisdom at the well of your old age.

THE DAIMIO

It may be true, Oishi,
But of late I have come to feel that my ancestors are displeased with me.

ASANO

How may that be?
My lord has been most scrupulous to do them all fitting honor.

THE DAIMIO

That is true; I have built them no less than five temples and forty-two shrines.
I have let no enemy of my house escape.
Yet, my sleep is crowded with the most terrible dreams.

OISHI

It may be that my lord is bewitched by some goblin.

THE DAIMIO

It may be as you speak it, Oishi,
For I have, indeed, been dutiful to my ancestors.
I have lived a life upright beyond that of most men.
The gods have small cause for anger against me.
Yet, I am minded of one act in which I was not without blame.

ASANO

My lord, we cannot imagine it.

THE DAIMIO

Thirty enemies of my house have I put to death,
And in no case, save one, have I failed in any
point of consideration due their rank.
In this one case, I did a grievous and discourte-
ous thing.

OISHI

My lord, we cannot imagine it.

THE DAIMIO

Yet it is true.
And the anger it hath made must be very
terrible, or now that I have grown old,
it shakes my sleep rom me.
Listen to my speaking.
I did have just cause to require of one Sugihara
of Kitoji
That he render up his life.
He was brought before me and did honorably
acknowledge my right to his head.
He was a brave man. I should have done him
honor.
I should have hired a shrine and provided mat-
tings of fine straw.
But I was drunken with the fighting.
I was bewitched by discourteous demons.
I forced the dirk into his noble hand.
He slew himself by the roadside
And his august head fell and was soiled by the
dust of the road.
Wherefore, I am harried in my age and am a
shaken old man.

[*Enter an* ATTENDANT *from the right.*]

ATTENDANT

Most exalted and honorable Daimio.

THE DAIMIO

Speak.

ATTENDANT

A lady of the military class begs speech with my lord, that she may obtain justice.

THE DAIMIO

Let the lady enter.

[*The* ATTENDANT *withdraws. Enter* O TOYO, FUNAKOSHI *and* BUCHI. OISHI *and* OSANO *at a sign from the* DAIMIO *withdraw to the sides of the stage.* FUNAKOSHI *and* O TOYO *take exactly the positions formerly occupied by the Counsellors.* BUCHI *remains by the entrance.*]

O TOYO

Most exalted and honorable Daimio of Sendai,
Men speak in far countries of your justice and wisdom.
I have come far to obtain justice.

THE DAIMIO

Honorable Lady, my ears are open.
Do you desire the death of an enemy?

O TOYO

I desire the death of an enemy.

THE DAIMIO

It is well.

O TOYO

I desire that you hear me,
And that you bear witness to the justice of my requirement.

THE DAIMIO

It is well. I will judge your plea,

And if your requirement be of a just and honorable nature,
You shall seek vengeance under my protection.
Speak.

O TOYO

I present to your august Lordship my most humble and dutiful thanks.
I am the daughter of a once powerful prince.
I am the last of a ruined house.
No man of my family lives to bear sword or spear.
My honorable father was put to death and his lands and houses and goods were confiscated.
Hear me my lord.
I do acknowledge the justice which required the life of my father,
But the spirit of my father will not sleep.
He walks abroad and cries out to me from the shadows of my dreams;
For when he had made ready to die,
My father was denied the rights and ceremonials provided by the sacred law,
And being dead, his honorable body received not the consideration due his noble rank.

THE DAIMIO

This is a terrible thing.
I pray you make known to me the circumstances.

O TOYO

My father's enemy, a powerful Daimio,
With archers and bowmen and spear bearers, did come upon my father's people and slay them.

Then was my father brought before the Daimio
and did honorably prepare to die,
Asking that a shrine be prepared,
And that mattings of fine straw be provided.
But the Daimio was bitter with hatred.
He was bewitched by the demons of anger and
discourtesy.
He would not listen.
My father gave up his life like a common man
in a ditch,
And his head was soiled by the dust of the road.
Therefore, the spirit of my father cannot rest,
And the hatred will not die,
And the gods must be appeased with the blood
of Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Daimio
of Sendai.
His head must lie as a peace-offering upon my
father's grave.
Most honorable Prince, I have spoken.

THE DAIMIO

Aye, aye. [*Nods.*]
Age comes upon me.
I have lived at courts. I have seen and heard
too much.
I am weary with the aching of old wounds.
Moreover, my ancestors are displeased with me.
Honorable Lady, I do acknowledge the justice
of your purpose.

FUNAKOSHI

And now, my lord, I do most humbly beseech
your lordship to perform hara-kiri.
I, myself, shall have the honor to act as your
second.

I shall with all humility and reverence receive
your head,
And the honorable lady will bear it with her
own hands to the Temple of Kitoji.

THE DAIMIO

Your desire is just and courteous;
It pleases me to accede to your desire. [*to the
two Counsellors*]
Oishi—Asano—You have heard.
When the ceremony is done, the honorable lady
may depart in peace.

THE COUNSELLORS

We have heard.

THE DAIMIO

Most Honorable Lady, I commend your filial
piety and evoke the protection of the gods
for your pilgrimage.

O TOYO

I most humbly thank your august Lordship for
your honorable condescension.
[ASANO *and* OISHI *return with porters bearing a
shrine and matting and everything needful
for the ceremony.* THE DAIMIO *performs
hara-kiri, and his retainers then bear his
body into the rear apartment.* FUNAKOSHI
draws his sword and follows them. BUCHI
steps to the doorway and speaks.]

BUCHI

They treat his honorable body with considera-
tion.
Ha, ha, his honorable head falls upon the square
of oiled paper.
Funakoshi has struck a clean blow.

Now Funakoshi has put the head in a box.
Hist, he is coming out.
[*Enter* FUNAKOSHI *followed by* ASANO *and* OISHI. FUNAKOSHI *bears a box which he presents to* O TOYO. *They go out.* OISHI *and* ASANO *kneel beside the door of the rear apartment.* BUCHI *runs to the front of the stage and the porters draw the screens.*]
You have seen the first task accomplished.
My master's enemy is dead, but it is far to the Temple of Kitoji.
The retainers of the Daimio of Sendai have allowed them to depart in peace,
But they have exacted a receipt for the head of their master;
And the head of the Daimio of Sendai must be returned with honor to his own people.
It must be returned before the new moon.
It must be returned safe that fitting rites may put his spirit at rest.
That the anger may die and the houses be at peace.
Therefore, the pilgrimage must be made in haste.
The way is beset with demons and Fox-Women and strange foes.
Now, O Toyo San and Funakoshi are upon the road.
They have trodden the road with little rest.
But now we have come to a pavilion in a barren place;
O Toyo San is weary and must sleep.
Behold!
[*He claps his hands and the porters withdraw the screens.*]

SCENE III.

[*The place, as* BUCHI *has explained, is a barren spot by the roadside, in the night. A screen, called a pavilion, is on the stage. Enter* O TOYO, *carrying the head of the* DAIMIO *in a box, and* FUNAKOSHI.]

O TOYO

Funakoshi, my friend, I can go no further.
Let us honorably rest ourselves.

FUNAKOSHI

Little Pearl of Delight, it shall be so.
But here is a barren moor.
We are far from any house.
You shall sleep and I shall guard you well.
But I cannot let you sleep in the dust of the roadway.
I will carry you further.

O TOYO

[*looking about her*]

Here is a pavilion.
Let me set down my holy burden, and do you light me lights,
That I may pray to my ancestors.
Then I will sleep with my head on the box which holds the head of the Daimio,
And when I am rested again, we may go our way to the Temple.

[*He sets up the screen, and lights small lamps on the box, before which she kneels and prays.*]

Oh, spirits of my father and my mother,
And of all my thirty thousand ancestors,
Do you guard me well,

And guard well this box into which I have put
the Daimio's head.
And I will bring it faithfully to the Temple.
But now I am weary and would sleep. Sayonara.
[*She curls up around the box and goes to sleep.*
FUNAKOSHI *puts out the lights and moves
the screen to surround her.*]

FUNAKOSHI

The night is black, and this moor is as bare as
death.
I would guard her whom I love,
But I pray me no goblins nor unkind ghosts
may come by us tonight
[THE FOX-WOMAN *appears, following their tracks.*]
And I pray all my fathers that no thief shall
come, nor any evil man,
Nor any Cat or Fox-People to do us harm,
For this is a holy pilgrimage that we make;
It were ill if anyone should hinder us, since our
time is so brief.

THE FOX-WOMAN

[*behind the pavilion from* FUNAKOSHI]

I see that here is a place where I may work
mischief,
For I can lure away the young Samurai,
Where the Fox-People can torment him,
Can make them lose the head of the Daimio,
whereat there will be great anger and
hatred in the land,
Such as our people love more than everything,
And afterward I can come back and eat up the
little lady.
But first I shall put on her likeness, to lure away
the Samurai. [*She goes behind the screen.*]

FUNAKOSHI

Did you speak, little lady of the flower-like hands?

THE FOX-WOMAN

[putting out her head]

I pray thee be silent, mighty guardian.

FUNAKOSHI

She is wearied beyond the gates of rest.
My heart misgives me that I have let her come so far without pause or sleep.

[THE FOX-WOMAN *comes out, disguised as* O TOYO.]

THE FOX-WOMAN

Funakoshi, I am wearied of this journey, yet I cannot sleep.
I would have you take me away.

FUNAKOSHI

Whither, little Flower of Twilight?

THE FOX-WOMAN

I would go with you to some lonely tea-house,
That we may rest.
I would have food, and see dancing,
And forget this task of carrying the old Daimio's head.

FUNAKOSHI

But what of your father's ghost, and of your pious revenge?
If you do not carry the head to the Temple,
The feud will go on, and men will be killed,
And the land will shake with hatred.

THE FOX-WOMAN

It is plain that you do not love me.

FUNAKOSHI

I swear it by the trooping souls of my fore-fathers,

By my two swords.

THE FOX-WOMAN

Then come with me.
We will throw this accursed box into a well,
That we may be free to take our way among the gardens and the flowers.

FUNAKOSHI

Little lady, this is a strange saying,
Yet your voice makes me as water that falls from a mountain, trembling.

[BUCHI *appears speaking from the air behind the pavilion.* THE FOX-WOMAN *has led* FUNAKOSHI *away to the side of the stage.*]

BUCHI

Beware, Funakoshi, beware.
This is a goblin, a Fox-Woman who lures you.
This is not the little lady.
If you follow the Fox-Woman, your lady will perish.

THE FOX-WOMAN

Why do you start so, Funakoshi?

FUNAKOSHI

I heard a voice that spoke to me.

THE FOX-WOMAN

There is no one here to speak to us. Let us go on. I am afraid.

BUCHI

It is well she is afraid.
Take your sword, Funakoshi, and strike off her head.
You will find when you have done that, that she is a red fox,
And not your lady at all.

THE FOX-WOMAN

Come away, Funakoshi.
You hear nothing but the wind on the moor.

FUNAKOSHI

I hear the voice of a ghost who is faithful to my
little lady.
If you are a Fox-Woman,
I command you, before I slay you with my
sword, to declare it to me.
I command you by the River of the Dead.
[*He seizes her hand, and looks in her face. She
screams and struggles free.*]
Your hand is a paw with red fur upon it,
I will slay you.
[*As he draws his sword, she runs back to the
pavilion. He follows her, sword uplifted.
She runs behind the pavilion and out on
the other side, her likeness to* O TOYO *gone,
and her face again changed to the face of a
fox.* FUNAKOSHI *loses her in her flight,
and returns to the pavilion, which he takes
away from its place.* O TOYO *is disclosed
sleeping as before.*]

O TOYO

[*wakening*]

Funakoshi, my friend, I have slept and am
rested,
But I have dreamed of a red Fox-Woman.
Did you slay her?

FUNAKOSHI

She has run away into the night.
Will you sleep longer, Little Flower?

O TOYO

I will not sleep longer.

We must hasten to the Temple.
Let us go on, for the road is long before us.

FUNAKOSHI

The road is long to the gateway of the second
Temple, where love dwells.
I am eager for the end of our pilgrimage.
Let us set forward. [*They go out.*]

BUCHI

You see, honorable people, how Love may
triumph over deceit and witchcraft.
You see how I, Buchi, have rescued the brave
Samurai and the little lady.
I have rescued them from hideous danger,
From the Fox-Women that bewitch the heart
and devour the body,
And again they are upon the road.
But there are hills to mount, and valleys to
cross and villages to pass,
And men of diverse sorts to be encountered.
Poof, I have blown the hours away,
And behold! They are come to a fair spot
where they may rest themselves.
When the screens part, you will see the sacred
mountain,
And you will honorably imagine fair shade trees
and cooling wind.
Presently will come an old man, a maker of
pictures,
And to him O Toyo San will unwisely dissemble
as to the nature of her burden.
Whereupon will follow a droll predicament
drawing to a serious issue.
But I must not tell all the story. Attend.
[*He claps his hands and the porters set the screens.*]

SCENE IV.

[*A roadside shrine, looking toward Fuji. Enter* FUNAKOSHI *and* O TOYO, *with the box.*]

FUNAKOSHI

Honorable lady, we must pause for some refreshment.

O TOYO

I am hungry, but the time of our pilgrimage is so brief. I must not stop.

FUNAKOSHI

You must rest for a moment, and eat these cakes; then we will go on to the Temple.

O TOYO

I am filled with fear, lest the Daimio's people come for the head before I have laid it upon my father's tomb. The hour approaches when they may claim it again, and I must render it up.

FUNAKOSHI

That is true. But I will not have this pilgrimage in vain. You shall first place it on your father's grave. I have sworn it by my two swords.

O TOYO

We have still three valleys to cross, and nine villages to pass. If no man stops us, we may arrive safely.

[*Enter* HOKUSAI *and his* PUPIL. *They seem displeased to find* O TOYO *and* FUNAKOSHI.]

FUNAKOSHI

Light of the Morning, I have this to say. Let us tell no one of our destination. Let us dissemble this head, and speak no longer

the truth about it until we are come to the Temple. Thus we shall escape from those who would delay us.

O TOYO

I will do as you think well, Funakoshi, but I fear me we may deceive awkwardly, and may be the worse delayed.

FUNAKOSHI

Leave to me the dissembling. I am a master of lies.

O TOYO

It shall be so, mighty guardian.

HOKUSAI

Most humbly I beseech you, lady with the box and my lord with the great swords. I am a poor man. I am an artist. I was drawing for a print of the sacred mountain, and you are sitting where I must sit. I pray you move.

FUNAKOSHI

[*assuming an aspect of great pride*]

It were more fitting, old man, for you to wait till the honorable lady has eaten and rested.

HOKUSAI

What you say is true, but I fear me the mists may come up and conceal the mountain. I am unhappily compelled to pray your lordship augustly to forgive my entreaty.

FUNAKOSHI

The high born and honorable lady is not accustomed to such demands.

HOKUSAI

My lord, anger comes upon me, with the fear

that the mists may cloak the mountain. I am not myself accustomed to such contempt.

FUNAKOSHI

Little old man, it is nothing but contempt that one of your class may expect from us.

HOKUSAI

I am not so sure of this. I do not know you, nor the lady, if you be honorable people. You are strangers, and it is not usual for great ladies to sit eating by the wayside.

FUNAKOSHI

Old man, I may not endure this presumption—

O TOYO

[*interrupting*]

I pray you, Funakoshi, dissemble. Do not quarrel with him.

HOKUSAI

Since you are strangers, I have some right to question you. Who are you, and what have you in that box?

O TOYO

Now let me hear you, if you can honorably dissemble.

FUNAKOSHI

I admit your right, old man. It is not usual in these villages perhaps, that honorable ladies go with only one attendant. But in our own place, in Kitoji, it is an every-day matter.

HOKUSAI

Ah! It is common in Kitoji.

FUNAKOSHI

It is the universal practice—in Kitoji.

HOKUSAI

That is very strange. I lived in Kitoji for nine and twenty years and I never once observed it.

FUNAKOSHI

Honorable sir, you are very old. This must have been many years ago. The cherry trees in Kitoji do not now remember your face. Customs change.

HOKUSAI

It may be so, in Kitoji. But you do not answer me when I question you. What has the lady in that box?

FUNAKOSHI

The honorable lady has in that box—though I do not admit that it is necessary that I answer you at all—she has in that box a—a—teapot.

HOKUSAI

[*Claps his hands and calls his* PUPIL *to him, whispers an errand and sends the* PUPIL *away.*]

O TOYO

[*to* FUNAKOSHI.]

Now you have angered him. It is not a fortunate thing honorably to have said we carried—a teapot.

FUNAKOSHI

The honorable lady carries a teapot to her grandparents for a gift that their souls may hold her in loving memory when they are dead.

HOKUSAI

And what are the names of her grandparents?

FUNAKOSHI

It is not for you insolently to inquire; it is not seemly; for her grandparents are both of them old and feeble—older even than yourself.

HOKUSAI

I will cease from questioning you for a moment. I am not so old, and I have a great deal still to learn about my art, so I pray that I may for many years be spared. For I have set myself to make six and thirty prints of the sacred mountain.

[*He looks off stage impatiently.*]

And I would not have my hand nor my eyes fail me.

O TOYO

Let us set forward, Funakoshi.

HOKUSAI

Wait. I have still much to tell you. I have to tell you of my art, and all that I know about it; and of many other matters.

FUNAKOSHI

We cannot wait.

HOKUSAI

The venerable grandparents will live a little longer. Let me speak.

FUNAKOSHI

We cannot pause to listen.

[*Enter the* PUPIL *with a* MAGISTRATE, *followed by guards.*]

THE PUPIL

Here are the two, august magistrate, and my master believes they are the ones who are guilty. Though I think rather that

the man only is guilty, and that the lady is held in distress by the man, who is plainly a fellow of little consequence.

THE MAGISTRATE

These are the two, old Hokusai?

HOKUSAI

These are the two.

THE MAGISTRATE

Of what do you accuse them?

HOKUSAI

I accuse them, my lord, because they have as good as admitted the possession of it, and because they are vagrant people and strangers, and because they are even now sitting on the very spot where I must sit to make my picture of the sacred mountain. I accuse them of stealing my blue teapot.

FUNAKOSHI

This is most outrageous and insulting—

THE MAGISTRATE

The man defends himself unwisely.

O TOYO

Have a care, Funakoshi.

THE MAGISTRATE

Did you not admit that you have in that box a blue teapot?

FUNAKOSHI

Not a blue teapot, my lord. The thing we have in this box is white and red—not blue.

THE MAGISTRATE

This man is an artist. He should surely know if the pot is blue.

FUNAKOSHI

But my lord, what we have here—

THE MAGISTRATE

Be silent. I have decided the point. Hokusai, you can prove that you had a teapot stolen?

HOKUSAI

Very easily. My apprentice knows it well.

THE MAGISTRATE

[*to the* PUPIL]

You testify to the truth of what your master says? For if I am to punish this man and this lady, it must be with full justice.

THE PUPIL

[*hesitatingly*]

Surely my master's teapot has vanished, my lord.

THE MAGISTRATE

The case is a clear one, but I shall not myself pronounce sentence. The Daimio of this province will be in our village twenty days or so from today, and it would please him better if these matters be left to him. Therefore, I will lock up these two until he comes, and the case may then be tried fully. Take them away and lock them up.

FUNAKOSHI

My lord, this is not to be endured. There is nothing against the honorable little lady. You cannot lock her up for nothing.

THE MAGISTRATE

Oh, yes. I can lock her up till the Daimio comes; then if she has done nothing wrong, he will give her full justice.

FUNAKOSHI

But she is on a holy pilgrimage.

HOKUSAI

A holy pilgrimage—taking my teapot to her grandfather.

THE MAGISTRATE

I have heard enough of this teapot. Lock them up.

O TOYO

Tell them the truth, Funakoshi.

THE MAGISTRATE

Do not let them speak together. [*The guards part them.*]

FUNAKOSHI

Hear me, most excellent and august Highness. We have not told the truth. This lady has in the box not a teapot, but the head of the venerable Daimio of Sendai, and she is bearing it to the Temple at Kitoji that it may lie on her honorable father's grave. Her time is brief and the Daimio's people will hold it a heavy shame if the head be not brought back, for we have given them a receipt for the head, and have bound ourselves to return it.

THE MAGISTRATE

This is quite another matter. But how are we to know which is truth?

FUNAKOSHI

We will open the box, and you shall see the head. And then we must go on at once, for we have tarried here too long.

THE MAGISTRATE

Open the box.

O TOYO

This is not possible, most exalted one. It were most discourteous to the Daimio to bring out his head by the wayside, to show it to curious villagers. I will not open the box.

THE MAGISTRATE

In that case, the box contains a blue teapot, and I must hold both till the Daimio comes.

O TOYO

Most exalted one, I throw myself at your feet. I take upon me the dust of the roadway. I prostrate my soul before you. This is a most ruinous sentence, and my ancestors will be terrible in their anger against me. Let me go on to the Temple. I will pay this man the value of ten teapots. I will pay your exalted Highness the value of a hundred. Only let me go on to the Temple.

THE MAGISTRATE

This is an affront to me—this offer of money. I can have no pity upon you.

FUNAKOSHI

Arise, O Toyo San, and go on. I will clear you the way with my sword.

[*The* MAGISTRATE *makes a gesture, and* FUNAKOSHI *is caught from behind by the guards.*]

THE MAGISTRATE

Take this fellow away, and shut him in the cavern, where he may be silent.

O TOYO

This comes of our dissembling.

FUNAKOSHI

I alone am to blame, honorable lady.

O TOYO

I forget the blame, Funakoshi, my friend, Sayonara.

FUNAKOSHI

Sayonara.

O TOYO

Now am I indeed forsaken.

THE PUPIL

Oh, exalted judge, hear me now, for I have come to confess my guilt. It was I who broke the master's teapot, and hid the pieces in a well.

HOKUSAI

Ah, woe is me—it is broken?

THE MAGISTRATE

Why do you tell me this now? It confuses my judgment of this case.

THE PUPIL

I could not bear it that the honorable lady be unhappy.

THE MAGISTRATE

Let him go. [FUNAKOSHI *is released.*] This is quite another matter. Honorable Lady, go on with the head of your father's enemy to the Temple, for surely this is a pious and a holy mission. Hokusai, I do not find cause for complaint here between you and these august personages, but I advise that you beat this apprentice soundly.

HOKUSAI

It shall be done, exalted sir—soundly.

THE MAGISTRATE

Honorable Lady and my lord Funakoshi, I counsel haste. Sayonara.

O TOYO AND FUNAKOSHI

Sayonara. [*They go out. The porters draw the screens*]

BUCHI

Ha! Ha! You see! Our story moves!
The way has been a long way.
The snares and the mishaps have been many,
But to Funakoshi the hard road has seemed a meadow of sweet grass,
To the feet of Funakoshi it has been as a soft carpet of Spring flowers.
He could journey thus to the place where the light winds kiss the green edges of the world.
Yet, in honor, he may not delay the hours.
He may not stay their feet with lingering words of love;
And the hours are swift.
They are swifter than the little feet of O Toyo San.
And already the day approaches when she must honorably fulfill her promise,
When she must render back the head of the Prince of Sendai to his own people.
These have been hours of haste and struggle and fear.
Poof! I blow them away. They are over.
When the screens part you will behold the sacred court of the Temple at Kitoji
But now, alas, the hours have run out.
The retainers of the Daimio of Sendai are already in the courtyard.

They demand the head of their master.
Hold, I must not tell all my story,
For the last time, I crave your honorable attention. [*The screens part.*]

SCENE V.

[*A courtyard of the Temple, at Kitoji. A great image of Buddha;* PRIESTS *with incense, etc.*]

FIRST PRIEST

It is an evil thing for our Temple
That the soul of Sugihara the Daimio cannot rest in it.

SECOND PRIEST

There is a knocking at the Temple gate.
Do you go and see who comes.
[*The* SECOND PRIEST *goes out, and returns with* ASANO *and* OISHI, *and some of their retainers.*]

ASANO

Is this the Temple of Kitoji?
[*The* PRIESTS *bow.*]

OISHI

We are honorably come for the head of our master, Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Prince of Sendai.

FIRST PRIEST

We regret it most bitterly
We have not in our keeping the head of the Prince of Sendai.

OISHI

This is incredible, that you have not the head.
Our venerable master performed hara kiri several days ago.

His head was courteously taken by O Toyo San,
daughter of the Daimio Sugihara.
It was to be brought to this Temple.
It was to be this day returned to us.
We have here the receipt for the head.
[*He brings out a paper, which the* PRIESTS *examine.*]

FIRST PRIEST

It may be that the princess is still on her way
hither,
And that she will come soon.
Will you honorably rest yourselves?

ASANO

We will wait.
[*They seat themselves; there is a long pause.*]
It may be that we have done evil in not guard-
ing the little lady on her journey.
It is a dark thought that she may have lost the
head.

OISHI

If she does not come, what shall we do then?

ASANO

She will come.
Do you remember how she faced our master?
She will come.

OISHI

Still, she is late.
Her revenge will be in vain.
We cannot allow her to keep the head longer.

ASANO

We have her bond. We may take the head at
once.
[*Enter* O TOYO *and* FUNAKOSHI.]
Little Lady, we regret that your pilgrimage is
in vain.

You have too late arrived at the Temple.
We demand that you give us at once
The head of our master, Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami.

OISHI

We are filled with sorrow for your father's restless soul,
Little Lady, but we cannot wait longer.

O TOYO

My lords, I have traveled far, and am wearied out.
I have kept this head by me most reverently.
I ask of you only a little time.

OISHI

It is impossible, little Lady.

O TOYO

Only a moment, because I have come so far,
And have faced such strange matters.
A moment, that my father's spirit may be at peace.

OISHI

It is impossible.
[*She turns to* ASANO.]

O TOYO

My lord, if there is anything I might offer;
If there is anything I might give—

OISHI

Only the head of my venerable master, instantly

O TOYO

I only ask that it may lie for a moment on his tomb;
That I may call my father's spirit to see it,
And then the hatred will be appeased.

OISHI

The one hatred might slacken,
But another would be enkindled. Give me the head.

FUNAKOSHI

[*Seizing the two Counsellors from behind.*]
Go quickly, little Lady. Pray your prayer.
These shall not stay you.

[*She runs out with the box. The two men struggle with* FUNAKOSHI, *and at last break away from him; they draw swords and attack him, with two of their retainers, and he is forced back against the Buddha. The* FIRST PRIEST *comes in.*]

FIRST PRIEST

Cease, and be silent.
You shall now await the coming of the most ancient Abbot of this Temple,
Since you have defiled this courtyard with swords.

OISHI

Fall back. He cannot escape us.

ASANO

His life is ours. Let him rest.

[*Enter* O TOYO, *a rapt expression on her face. She sees the swords, and* FUNAKOSHI *in a posture of defence. She runs over to him.*]

O TOYO

Ah, Funakoshi, my lord, my light!

FUNAKOSHI

Rest here, Flower of the Dawn.
It is but a little while we shall be troubled.

O TOYO

Do they seek vengeance upon you?

FUNAKOSHI

They will do what they will.
But our holy pilgrimage is done, little Lady.
I have performed my service to you,
And I do not complain.

O TOYO

You have been my guide, my guardian,
My tower of bright steel,
The armor of my spirit.
I will not have it that they shall take your life.

FUNAKOSHI

Let it be as it is, O Toyo San.
I have walked beside you.
I have heard your voice when it was like the bells in the temples of the thousandth paradise.
I have loved you.
It was for this I was destined by my ancestors.
I love you, O Toyo San.
I am content.

O TOYO

I cannot give you into the river of death,
For mine eyes are blinded with tears.
I cannot follow you.

FUNAKOSHI

I shall die honorably and in your service.
Lay your hand in mine.
Look forward.
I shall wait for you by the river.

O TOYO

You shall not wait long, Oh my strength!

ASANO

Funakoshi, we demand of you that you now perform hara kiri.

FUNAKOSHI

I am obedient to you, my lord.
Let a proper mat be spread, and do you act as
my second, my lord Oishi.
[*They start the preparations as in Scene II.* FUNAKOSHI *and* O TOYO *cling to each other.*]

O TOYO

My lord Oishi,
I pray you, let the sacred dirk be given quickly
to me,
When my lord—
[*She breaks off, sobbing.* OISHI *offers* FUNAKOSHI *the knife on a tray.*]
[*Enter the* ABBOT *of the temple, a very old and reverend priest, followed by a procession of other priests.*]

THE ABBOT

I command you, stay.
A mighty miracle has been done here in our
temple.
Lo, I tell you of a miracle.
The spirit of the Daimio Sugihara could not
sleep.
The spirit could not rest.
His daughter, the honorable lady O Toyo San,
has brought hither the head of his enemy,
the Daimio of Sendai.
She has placed it upon the tomb of her father.

OISHI

Revered and venerable one, we are his people.
We have come for the head of the Daimio of
Sendai.

THE ABBOTT

You have not come in vain.

The hatred between the houses is blown away forever.
The head was placed upon the tomb.
The spirit of Sugihara took up the sacred knife and struck the head,
This I have with mine old eyes here witnessed.
So is the hate blown away,
And the world and this province are at peace.

OISHI

Then is our quarrel at an end?

THE ABBOT

Even so.
I give you back the head of the Daimio of Sendai.

OISHI

I give you back the receipt we took from the honorable lady, O Toyo San.

ASANO

We congratulate the honorable lady upon her piety and virtue.

OISHI

We humbly and considerately take leave of you. Sayonara.

[*They turn and go out with their men. The* ABBOT *and his priests go out on the other side, leaving* O TOYO *and* FUNAKOSHI *at the foot of the* BUDDHA. BUCHI *enters, clapping his hands. The screens are joined, and* BUCHI *steps forward to speak the Epilogue.*]

BUCHI

Honorable people,
The sacred mission is accomplished.
The spirit of my master is at peace.

The hatred is dead.
My Little Lady has given her hand to the Lord
Funakoshi.
It is well with them.
[*Takes off his mask.*]
You have heard, you have seen—
Most honorable patrons, my play is done.
Sayonara!

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

THE MASQUE OF MONTEZUMA

THE MASQUE OF MONTEZUMA was written for, and first produced by, the Art Students' League, at the Art Institute, Chicago, February 20, 1912. The original musical setting was written by George A. Colburn. The setting for the production was designed by Allen E. Philbrick and A. N. Rebori, and painted under their direction. The caste was as follows:

HUITZIL, the War-God..Thomas Wood Stevens
HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL..Frederick K. Cowley
SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL.....Roy Tyrrell
CUITLAHAUTZIN, Montezuma's brother
Frank McNellis
GUATAMOTZIN, nephew to Montezuma
Roy Hambleton
MONTEZUMA.....E. Roslyn Kirkbride
THE ELDEST CHIEF.....Gerrit Sinclair
HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL.....Francis Samms
FIRST PRIESTESS OF QUETZAL..Elaine Hyman
SECOND PRIESTESS OF QUETZAL..Florence Levy
A MESSENGER.....Harry L. Gage
MONTEZUMA'S ENVOY.....Milton Newman
AN AZTEC WARRIOR.....Charles Mullen
FIRST AZTEC WOMAN.....Luvena Buchanan
SECOND AZTEC WOMAN.....Frances Thorp
CORTEZ.....D. M. Stebbins
MARINA, Interpreter for Cortez..Nouart Seron
ALVARADO.....E. M. Sincere
PADRE OLMEDO.....A. D. Gibbs
BERNAL DIAZ.....C. D. Faulkner

Groups representing Montezuma's court, the priests and priestesses of the Aztec gods, singers, dancers, artificers, Aztec warriors following Cuitlahautzin; Spaniards and Tlascalans following Cortez.

ARGUMENT

The Masque begins with the prologue spoken by the war-god, HUITZIL, *who is angered by the election of* MONTEZUMA *to the kingship. In the first scene,* MONTEZUMA *is invested with the sacred beak-crown of* HUITZIL; *his warlike brother,* CUITLAHAUTZIN, *acknowledges his allegiance; and news comes of the landing of the white strangers on the coast. The* PRIEST OF QUETZAL *declares that the strangers come in accordance with the prophecy that* QUETZAL, *the sun-god of the Aztecs, would one day return to Tenochtitlan.*

In the second scene MONTEZUMA'S ENVOY *returns with word that the strangers, in spite of the royal command, are on the march to Mexico.* MONTEZUMA *is then persuaded to invite them to come, in spite of the warnings of the* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL.

In the third scene the action shifts to the great causeway, where MONTEZUMA *meets and welcomes* CORTEZ. *The Spaniard, through his interpreter,* MARINA, *half-persuades, half-compels the King to lodge him and his men in the royal palace.*

The fourth scene opens with the capture of a Spanish sentinel, and his sacrifice upon the war-god's altar. CORTEZ *fights his way to the altar, and his followers tear down the*

image of HUITZIL, *setting up the Cross.* CORTEZ *refuses to overthrow* QUETZAL. CUITLAHAUTZIN *now appears and demands an interview with* MONTEZUMA, *which is granted him; he forces the King to give up his crown, the Beak of Huitzil, and* MONTEZUMA *returns to his captivity.* CUILAHAUTZIN *is immediately crowned by the priests and people, and declares war upon the Spaniards.* CORTEZ, *thinking* MONTEZUMA *still retains his authority, sends him out on the palace roof to quiet the people, and the dethroned King is slain by the missiles of his former subjects.* HUITZIL, *triumphant at the final outbreak of war, crushes the image of* QUETZAL *by his magic, and the Masque closes, after the war-god's epilogue, with a tableau of the battle on the causeway, La Noche Triste into which the entire audience is drawn in the final Carnival.*

The Masque follows the general outline of the Conquest, but does not pretend to historical accuracy.

THE MASQUE OF MONTEZUMA

SCENE I.

[*The Scene is the City of Tenochtitlan, looking over the roofs of the great Palace of the King. On the left and right are two broad stairways. At the top of the left flight is the shrine of* HUITZIL, *the God of War. On the opposite side is the shrine of* QUETZAL. *There is a statue in each shrine. When the scene opens it is dim moonlight. A procession of priests, led by the* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL, *mounts the stairs and halts before his shrine. The* HIGH PRIEST *makes a silent invocation and, as the priests kneel, the statue becomes alive and speaks over their heads.*]

HUITZIL

The skulls, the white skulls are fallen.
I, Huitzilopochtli,
I, the gleaner of battles;
Am ashamed, and my temple is naked beneath the moon.
I, the War-God, am thirsty and ashamed.
The land of Tenochtitlan rots in the warm rains of peace.

The people worship in the market places and my shrines are forlorn.
They have rejected my chosen sons,
They have put by the warriors whose locks I have anointed with flame.
They have made a king of one who loves me not—
A king of Montezuma!
They have forgotten me!
I have feasted long years in the caverns of Death and Silence;
Feasted with the ghosts of my own indomitable children;
Feasted and sung in the gloom of sweet underworld meadows.
We have drunk the warm blood. We have devoured the red hearts of our captives.
We have been filled and our wrath has been comforted.
Where now are the captives?
Where now the new ghosts of swift warriors dying?
Our feasting is lonely and my meadows are dry with the hateful dust of peace.
I am choked with the dusty blowing of winds across my bloodless altars.
I breathe on Tenochtitlan the white mist of my wrath.
Lo, the East Wind awakes.
The East Wind fawns like a hungry wolf before me.
Tenochtitlan, I and the East Wind, we two are singing together and our song is filled with the music of soaring arrows.

Tenochtitlan sleeps, but I and the East Wind
have conspired together.
I have thirsted and slept in the shame of my
hunger.
Lo, now I awake.
Lo, now I drink the scent of salt blood on the
East Wind.
I awake to the new harvest.
I awake to feast on the flowing ruin of the world.
[*The light fades from the shrine of* HUITZIL *and
the god again becomes a statue.*]
[*A festival procession now mounts the north stair-
way and crosses to the shrine of* QUETZAL,
bearing garlands of flowers.]

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Serpent of Light—Bird of the Dawn, Lord of
the Clouds,
Thou who makest fertile the small blind seeds
of the world,
Take these my gifts!
I bring thee flowers and ropes of fragrant vine.
I sweeten thy house with song and a thousand
prayers.
I gladden thy courts with the dancing feet of
girls.
Keeper of the Harvest, Warder of the far Hills,
Builder of Walls!
I bring thee flowers.
Rise thou and return from the blue margin of
the windy East.
Lift thy face again above the pale barriers of the
world!
Oh, thou Dweller in the Sun,
Accept my gifts!

THE PRIESTS AND PEOPLE

Oh, thou Dweller in the Sun!
Thy people call thee.

[*Another procession, also bearing flowers and led by the* SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZEL, *mounts the south stair and approaches the altar of* HUITZIL. GUATAMOTZIN *and* CUITLAHAUTZIN *follow this procession.*]

THE SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Huitzil, Lord of Spears! Keeper of the Iron Halls of Death!
Thou who walkest among warriors as a strong man trampleth the grass of the hills,
Accept my gifts.
I bring thee fruits of the high orchards of Tallon.
I brighten thy house with songs and the drums of war.
I gird thy feet with circlets of golden grain.
I bring thee crimson flowers!

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

[*stepping out from beside the shrine*]

Hold! Ye have wrought a sacrilege!
Ye have cast flowers upon the Black Altars of Huitzil.

THE SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL

It is the will of the Council.
It is the will of the newly chosen King.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Are they mad with pride that they dare to mock a hungry god!
Would they feed an ocelot of the hills with bruised petals!
A vulture of the high air with scented grain!
Have they no slaves?

THE SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL

It is forbidden that we make a sacrifice of blood.
The harvests are heavy. We have need of slaves.
The granaries are full. They must build walls.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Have they no captives taken in war,
No princes of tall cities,
No alien priests, snatched from the golden shrines of the South?

THE SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Master, the land is at rest.
Our enemies are cast down.
We dip our hands in the treasure houses of kings
And no man says us nay.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Shame to the strong lords of Tenochtitlan!
Shame to the sluggard princes that feast and grow fat!
Shame to the miserly priests that hoard their gold and deny blood to the gods!

THE SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Master, there is no blood but our own to offer

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Can ye dare this speaking!
What of the warriors of Cholula!
Of the rebel spearmen flouting us from the roofs of Tlascala!
Are they cast down and conquered?
Do ye dip your hands in treasure caskets of theirs?
Blood of your own?
Milk in the veins of men!

Water from a stagnant marsh!

GUATAMOTZIN

The Master of the Black Altars speaketh in wisdom.
We are slack in the honour due to the God of War.
I am weary of peace and these fingers ache for the joy of strangling a foe.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

I command ye all to silence!
I command ye in the name of the High Council of Chiefs!
The High Council of the city of Tenochtitlan.

GUATAMOTZIN

Priest of Quetzal, I deny thy powers!
I will not be silenced!
I am no servant of thine indolent god.
I am no man of peace, no tiller of gardens, no builder of walls!
The seeds of my sowing are the skulls of slain men!
The harvest of my hands, sheaves of spears.
I am weary of peace.

[*There is a flare of music.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Make way! Make way for the coming of Montezuma!
Make way for the Ruler of Men!
Make way for the Chosen of Gods!

[*Immediately there is another flare of music, and all kneel except the two* HIGH PRIESTS, *the* SECOND PRIEST OF HUITZIL, GUATAMOTZIN, *and* CUITLAHAUTZIN. *A procession of priests and lords enters from the House*

of MONTEZUMA, *followed by* MONTEZUMA *and the* ELDEST CHIEF *of the Council, who mount the throne in the centre of the stage.* GUATAMOTZIN *keeps his attitude of defiance until* CUITLAHAUTZIN *puts his hand on his shoulder and leads him to* MONTEZUMA. CUITLAHAUTZIN *does homage, but* GUATAMOTZIN *remains standing. The music has continued to this point and only ceases when the* ELDEST CHIEF *raises his hand for silence.*]

THE ELDEST CHIEF

Men of Tenochtitlan, Warders of the Cactus Rock,
Children of the Snake and the Eagle!
Hear these my words!
The Tlacopan, Council of Chiefs, readers of omens, makers of law, wise among men,
Speak with my mouth.
It was decreed of the gods of air and water,
Whispered in the hearts of our chiefs,
Cried in the secret ears of our priests.
Lo! They have heard! They have chosen!
Through them I show ye the will of the gods.
Stand forth Montezuma, Son of Axayacatl,
Stand forth Chosen of the Council,
Stand forth, Ruler of Men.
[*turning to the* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL]
Priest of the Winged Death!
Watcher at the Red Doors of Doom!
Servant of the Crying Flame!
Stand forth!
I speak the will of our chiefs.

I speak the will of the masters of the stone hills
of Anahuac.
It is the law.
Place thou upon the head of Montezuma the
Beakéd Crown of Huitzil!
[*The* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL *advances to the foot of the throne holding the Crown in his hands.* MONTEZUMA *takes the Crown from him but does not yet put it on his own head. He stands looking off over the city.*]

MONTEZUMA

Chosen of the Gods,
Montezuma, Ruler of Men!
Thus it was spoken.
Lo, I feel the heavy gold between my hands.
Mine eyes are burnt with the shining of it.
The splendour of the city shakes below me like
the splendour of a mad sea under a golden
moon.
My pulses beat with dreams.
My shoulders ache with the weight of flowers.
I place this token of terror upon my brow.
And, behold, I am the Law.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Aye, thou shalt be the Law.
It is spoken,
Whosoever lifteth his hand against thy hand,
Him shall the ravens of the stonehills take for
their feasting.
But hear me, O King—
Me, the Prophet of Huitzil,
He who starveth the gods must surely fall.

MONTEZUMA

I revere thy god.

I shall build him towers of black stone.
I shall lift his altars, and they shall smite the
silver bosom of the moon by night,
And the fire of them dazzle the red sun by day.
In his house shall be the continuous sound of bells.
His floors shall run with wine.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

It is not enough.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Montezuma shall not forget,
He shall not forget his oath to Quetzal.
The sacrifice of blood is forbidden.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Montezuma, I warn thee. Huitzil hath slept
too long.
He is awake and thirsty.

MONTEZUMA

Old Priest, I will not be crowned with menace.
Hear me now! I take this beakéd diadem of
thy god!
This sign that I am Ruler and War-Chief!
I take it not as a token of blood,
As a sign that I rule by the strength of spears
alone.
[*He places the Crown upon his own head.*]
Behold! I am War-Chief of Tenochtitlan,
Ruler of Men.
My heel is upon the neck of princes, but I slay
not in anger.
I slay not to appease thee or thine importunate
god.
My land shall grow fat within the circle of my
spearmen.
I will feast upon the splendour of the West;

But I deny thee blood!
[*A* MESSENGER *has hurriedly mounted the stairs and now kneels before* MONTEZUMA.]

THE MESSENGER

Three days have I run, and three nights!
I come from the far shores to eastward,
From the margin of the sea whereof no man knoweth the end.
I have seen a miracle.
I and my brother drew nets at sunrise to honor the god of fishes.
Suddenly out of the mist,
Over the face of the sea,
Rode towers of black wood with wings of silver.
We saw them and were afraid.
We were afraid and fell down upon the sand.
Lo, when we arose, came living men in a canoe of wood,
Men with beards upon their faces
And their faces were pale as white stone.
They spoke with strange words and had upon their bodies raiment of hammered silver.

MONTEZUMA

Whence came these strangers?

THE MESSENGER

I know not! I have run for three days and three nights to bear thee word.
I have spoken!

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Bow down your faces, O lords of Tenochtitlan.
A prophecy is fulfilled, but fear ye not!
It was written on the walls of the inner temple
In the secret chambers of the great pyramid:
I shall return out of the East.

Behold, he hath come. Quetzal returneth to
Anahuac.
The God of Peace returneth to bless the crown-
ing of his chosen!

MONTEZUMA

Now am I indeed a king!

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Nay, Montezuma. Lift not thy voice in pride.
The vultures of Huitzil are black against the
sun.

[MONTEZUMA *and his followers go back into the house;* GUATAMOTZIN *goes with the* PRIESTS OF HUITZIL *to the temple.*]

SCENE II.

[*The setting is the same as in* SCENE ONE.]

[MONTEZUMA *enters, followed by the* HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL, *the* PRIEST OF HUITZIL, CUITLAHAUTZIN, *and* GUATAMOTZIN. MONTEZUMA *and the* HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL *stand nearest the parapet and look off over the roofs of the city. Four months are supposed to have elapsed.*]

MONTEZUMA

The faces of my captains are dark in council,
O Priest!
Men threaten me with a strange doom.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

They have read the stars amiss;
The white strangers come not in anger against
the beloved of Quetzal.

MONTEZUMA

Nay, I fear them not!

I have sent them an embassy;
I have sent them the richest fabrics of my looms;
Soft gold and gleanings of precious gems.
Mine envoys have met them in peace,
But I have forbidden them to cross the stone hills.
I have forbidden them to look upon the sacred city and the houses of the gods.
I have barred their way with my word.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

The word of Montezuma is a wall of basalt.

MONTEZUMA

Thou hast spoken in wisdom.
Behold that which lieth at our feet!
I am the master of it!
Master of the shining roofs!
Master of the lifting towers, the floating gardens of Chales and the stone gates of Tlaloc.
The torches of my house are as splendid and as numberless as the eyes of Night.
They are shaken continually with the sound of golden bells.
The naked air does me homage with the scent of perfumed fire and bruised flowers.
My courts are bright with the plumes of kings.
Their lips are warm upon the jewelled lashings of my sandals.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Brother and Lord!
These men with the white faces and beards of gold;
Perchance they walk the land heedless of thine authority!

Perchance they may even pass the barrier of thy world!

GUATAMOTZIN

It were better that they should learn the sound of thine arrows!

MONTEZUMA

Who hath not heard the name of Montezuma?
Doth a man dare to look upon the sun with naked eyes?
Nay, brother, if they come, it shall be as men wondering and afraid,
As men walking in the splendour of mad dreams.
Their eyes shall be scorched with the blowing of scarlet banners,
They shall wade to my throne ankle deep in flakes of beaten gold.

[*There is a sound of trumpets. The* ENVOY *of* MONTEZUMA *with his attendants mounts the lower stairs and speaks from the landing. He bears in his hands the helmet of* CORTEZ.]

THE ENVOY

I bring thee words of the White Captain, O Montezuma!
I bring thee rich gifts and courteous replies,
Fair speech and pro'ered friendship,
Worthy to appease the wrath of the Ruler of Men.

MONTEZUMA

Speak, bearer of my word and seal!

THE ENVOY

I have been as the wind to do thy bidding.
I have seen for thee with mine eyes. I have spoken thy will with my lips.

These are men of strength and beauty, O King!
Men powerful in war!
They have stormed the high walls of Tlascala.
They have taken tribute of those that have denied tribute even unto thee.
The Totonacs have made submission, and they have feasted in the halls of Cempoala.
No man hath slain them in battle.
They are sheathed in coats of thin silver and ride upon backs of terrible beasts.
Yet were we not afraid, since we bore the word of the Ruler of Men.

MONTEZUMA

In what manner was mine embassy received?

THE ENVOY

We came before their captain and chiefs.
We spoke, as kings that speak in peace with a king!
We gave him thy gifts and the speaking of thy mouth, O Montezuma,
And behold, it availed us nothing.
These are his words,
The words of the high captain of the East:
"Take to Montezuma the greeting of Spain.
"Take to him this helmet of carved silver, and say to him:
" 'Hernando Cortez will seek audience at the foot of the altars of Quetzal.
" 'He will see with his own eyes the face of the Ruler of the West.' "

MONTEZUMA

And didst thou not forbid them the paths of my hills, the highways of my kingdom?

THE ENVOY

These be men of a far land and tongue, O King!
They know not thy glory or thy strength.
They come despite thy command.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Now is the time of the fulfilment of Prophecy.
Surely these are gods since they deny the word
of Montezuma!

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Yet do I mistrust their coming.
Thy gifts have kindled their greed and greed
maketh strong the arm of a foe.

GUATAMOTZIN

I beseech thee, O my cousin and King,
Let it be granted me to bar their way with
spears.
Let me shear the plumes of their crests with
arrows.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Yea, once again I warn thee, O Child of the
Clouded Sun,
The wrath of Huitzil flares red on the eastern
foam of the sea!
His altars cry for the savour of blood!
Make sacrifice ere his last anger be launched
upon thee and thy people.

MONTEZUMA

[*turning upon him*]

And must I still hear thy croaking, Raven of
Doom!
Upon my brow burns the sign of the Snake and
the Eagle.
Mine is the Beakéd Crown and the highest favor
of thy god!

I am War-Chief in Mictlan, High Priest of slumbering and of watchful Gods;
Into my ears alone are whispered their warnings and behests.
Wisdom of Day and Darkness lieth in the shallow cup of my hand,
Take heed!
Speak to me no more wrath.
Speak to me no more lest thine own blood be given to slake his drowsy thirst!
[*He points to the statue of* HUITZIL, *then turns to the* ENVOY.]
Go! Fill this helmet with quills of gold.
Let the brim of it run over with bright gems.
Think you that Montezuma fears to tempt the greed of men.
Am I a miser, shaking in the midst of an unguarded treasure house?
Bear my words again to this stranger.
Tell him the way is open.
He shall feast in splendour with the Ruler of Men in the Courts of the Gods.
Let him dare to pass the gates of Tlaloc.
And he shall be struck blind with glory.

THE ENVOY

I go with thy word, O Beloved of the Sun.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Now, in truth, is the Doom of Huitzil upon thee, O Montezuma.
Thy words are as flying sparks to a dry moor.
Thou hast balked the hunger of a god and raised the greed of a foe.
Look well upon that which is thine, for tomorrow it will be thine no longer.

Thou hast sent this stranger the keys of thy kingdom.
I feel upon my brow the hot blowing of Fate,
And in mine ears the roaring of black waters under the world.

SCENE III.

[*The causeway. The Aztecs, priests and people, watching for the coming of the Spaniards.*]

AN AZTEC WOMAN

Think you these pale gods will come over the causeway?
Shall we see them here?

AN AZTEC WARRIOR

Aye, the divine Montezuma has bidden them come.
They will not tarry.

ANOTHER AZTEC WOMAN

Why not, think you? If these be gods,
Born of the Sun and the Sea, they are surely greater than the King.

THE WARRIOR

If these be gods, they will lodge in the heart of Tenochtitlan,
They will sleep where the bells of the temples will comfort them.
If they be not gods—

THE FIRST AZTEC WOMAN

See, see! The priestesses from the temple of Quetzal;
They are bringing flowers and sweet grain.

THE WARRIOR

It were better if they remained in their temple.

Better, I fear me, if the black priests from the house of Huitzil came with their war drums.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

[meeting the procession of priestesses]

What bear ye, dancers from the pyramid of Quetzal?

THE FIRST PRIESTESS

Gifts to the gods. Aloes and grain and flowers.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

And think you these are gods, these strangers?

THE FIRST PRIESTESS

These are the children of Quetzal,
Pale sons of his glory,
Risen out of the sea, messengers from the Star of the Morning, lords of our temple and all its mysteries.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

These are children of the wolves in Mictlan,
Sent hither to break our pride, and to cleanse our temples,
Sent to restore the implacable gods,
The flowing blood and the hot hearts between the lips of Huitzil.

THE FIRST PRIESTESS

Our oracles have spoken.
Our dancers have tasted the fire and the glory of morning has come upon us.
We know these gods, that they are sons of Quetzal.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

[entering along the causeway with priests]

Way, make way for the Child of the Sun!

Way for the Ruler of Men!
Way for the Divine Montezuma!
[*Guards enter and clear a space along the centre of the causeway; then slaves who lay down bright rugs; the priestesses of* QUETZAL *strew the place with flowers. Enter* MONTEZUMA, *borne in a litter,* CUITLAHAUTZIN *walking beside him, and* GUATAMOTZIN *behind him. At the centre of the causeway the procession stops, and* MONTEZUMA *alights. After a pause, the trumpets sound and the Spaniards appear, space being cleared for* CORTEZ *and* MARINA, *who stop before the King, bowing low.*]

MONTEZUMA

Welcome to the Island of the Snake and the Eagle,
Welcome to Tenochtitlan.
We have awaited your coming with long watches in the night,
With searching of the stars, with flowers and flame before the gods.
We have made ready a house which is a temple also;
The sign of the Four Winds has been set before your doorway,
And the serpents have been loosed that you may not again depart from us.

CORTEZ

What means all this?

MARINA

My lord, the King offers you for a palace the old temple of Quetzal.

CORTEZ

Show me, Marina, where the temple stands.

MARINA

Yonder, my lord, between the war-god's pyramid and the blue lake.

CORTEZ

A place where death leans close on either side.

ALVARADO

This heathen, Captain, must be taught to fear,
Or we shall never hear again the bells
Of Spain.

CORTEZ

I will not march into a trap.
Marina, tell the King the tale I bade you.

MARINA

Great Montezuma,
Descendant of the Sun, Lord of the stone hills of Anahuac,
My master, the lord Cortez, whose slave I am, bids me speak.
He bids me say that there are birds of evil rumour,
And that the crying of these black birds is against his heart, and arouseth his anger.
He has ever believed in thy greatness and thy love.
But in Cholula the people knew him not, and set snares for him, and would have destroyed him;
Whereat he arose and laid waste their city as a god in his anger would lay it waste.

MONTEZUMA

I have forgiven Malinche the deaths of my false servants, and the ruin of my city of Cholula.

MARINA

My lord has closed his ears to the birds of evil report,
He has called his Four Winds to blow them away
But still they clamour about him.

MONTEZUMA

What of their clamour?
Kings heed it not, and gods know the truth, surely.

MARINA

Gods ask for flowers and praise in their temples, O King.
And these evil tongues make mischief with thy sacred name.
They say thou hast barred the way of my lord.
They say thou hast set thy warriors to harry his march,
That thou dist command the snares he broke down at Cholula—

[MONTEZUMA *raises his hand in angry protest.*]

CORTEZ

Anger him not. Say I am filled with mercy.
But I must lodge in his house.

MARINA

My lord would still these dark rumours that cloud his friendship.
He bids me say that he is but the messenger of one greater than he;
But it is forbidden that he lodge in the temple of Quetzal.

MONTEZUMA

I have appointed his place in my city.

MARINA

There is a way, most glorious King, to slay these lies and to make them silent forever.
Do thou take my lord and his pale men into thy house,
Into the very Palace of the Sun.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

My brother, this were the ruin of thy kingdom.

MARINA

Is not Palace of Montezuma spacious? Is it not rich?
Are not its walls strong and its courts pleasant?
Has it not meat and bread enough for a great king's guests?

CORTEZ

Thus only will I enter his city.
To lodge with him in his own house.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

What new rumors will take wing, my brother,
If thou lead into thy house the enemies of Huitzil,
Thou, who wearest the Crown of the god?

MARINA

My lord believes nothing against the divine Montezuma,
Else he would not enter his city, but would shatter it into dust with the wind of his wrath.

MONTEZUMA

I do not rule over the birds of ill omen.

MARINA

If thou lovest my lord, great King, or if thou fearest the gods,
Or if thou hast pride in the palace of thy fathers,

Thou wilt heed what I have spoken for my lord Cortez.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF QUETZAL

Does the Child of the Sun hesitate? Then is the Star of the Morning gone down in scorn.

MONTEZUMA

Nay, my people. I have chosen my guests.
Shall I not lodge them as becomes a king?
Say to thy master, he shall enter by the Door of the Eagle and the Embattled Serpent.

MARINA

He yields, my lord. He takes thee and thy spearmen to his own Palace

(CORTEZ *makes a deep obeisance to* MONTEZUMA, *then draws his sword and holds it before him.*)

CORTEZ

Forward! Into the city.

(MONTEZUMA *steps into his litter and is borne back the way he came, the Spaniards and Aztecs following in procession.*)

SCENE IV.

[*It is dawn on the Palace roof. A Spanish sentinel stands on the south landing of the great stairway. A party of Aztec warriors and priests creep up the lower flight, seize him and drag him across and up the north stairway to the altar of* HUITZIL, *where they sacrifice him. Two Spanish soldiers, sleeping beside the door of* MONTEZUMA'S *house, are awakened and give the alarm.*

ALVARADO *rushes out with a few soldiers and is met by the Aztecs in the centre of the upper platform.* CORTEZ, *with his troops, rushes down the stairway, crosses and fights his way up to the altar. The Aztecs are killed or driven into the House of* HUITZIL *behind the shrine.* FATHER OLMEDO *enters from the House of* MONTEZUMA, *followed by* DIAZ *bearing a wooden cross.*]

OLMEDO

Mary have pity on this broken flesh,
This tortured thing that had no priestly shrift,
On black and hideous altar. Hear ye all!
I charge ye, in the names of God and Spain,
Hurl down this grinning demon, raise the Cross
To cleanse this breathing horror and make pure
The red pollution of this bloody house.

[*The soldiers tear down the statue of* HUITZIL; DIAZ *sets up the Cross in its place, then points to the statue of* QUETZAL.]

DIAZ

There leers another of their cursed gods,
With mocking mouth athirst for Spanish blood,
And crooked fingers itching for our throats.

OLMEDO

Crush him to dust beneath your angry feet,
Break him to pieces in the name of Christ
And end this horror.

CORTEZ

Father, stay thy hand.
This other image hath a kindlier mien
And gentler Priesthood. Him I choose to spare,
Because his rites are bloodless as our own.
His sign the Cross.

[*To* ALVARADO *and the others*]
You, Pedro, guard the stairs,
And look to all defenses!

[FATHER OLMEDO *and* DIAZ, *with several soldiers, go into the House of* MONTEZUMA. ALVARADO *stations guards at the head of both stairways, while* CORTEZ *stands alone in the centre of the platform where he is joined by* MARINA.

CUITLAHAUTZIN *mounts the stairs from below followed by* GUATAMOTZIN, *the* ELDEST CHIEF, *the* HIGH PRIEST *of* HUITZIL *and several spearmen. They stop at the middle landing and* CUITLAHAUTZIN *faces* CORTEZ.]

CUITLAHAUTZIN

The hands of my warriors are dipped in blood.
There is no voice in Tenochtitlan to stay them,
No sacrifice great enough to appease the gods.
Where is Montezuma, my brother?
Where is the Child of the Sun?

MARINA

Master, it is the Prince Cuitlahautzin.
He would speak with Montezuma.

CORTEZ

Say to him that the King is my guest.
Say that he sleepeth soundly beneath my roof.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Malinche, we have trusted in the blind prophecy of fools.
We have opened our gates in peace.
Our warriors have been as babes in thy hands.
Our captains have been as women to do thee service.

We have spread thee a great feast and the wine has turned to bitter blood.
Behold, we are babes and women no longer.
Thy house is girt with a sea of angry spears.
The city rocks beneath thee.
I must speak with Montezuma!
The Ruler of Men must hear my voice.
He must lift his hand that the Kingdom may know he lives.

CORTEZ

[*to* ALVARADO]

Bring forth the King that he may still this rage.

MARINA

Nay, Master, I fear some craft.
I fear the cunning of the black priests.
I beg of thee, let them not speak with Montezuma.

[ALVARADO *goes into the house and brings out* MONTEZUMA, *who descends the south stairway, closely followed by a guard of Spanish soldiers. He and* CUITLAHAUTZIN *face each other on the centre landing. The Spaniards remain a short distance from him, the other Aztecs withdrawing to an equal distance;* CUITLAHAUTZIN *kneels, and* MONTEZUMA *lifts his hand as if in blessing.*]

MONTEZUMA

Speak, Cuitlahautzin!
Speak, my brother!

CUITLAHAUTZIN

I come to thee in the name of the High Council and the priests of thy gods.
I come to ask of thee a token of thine authority.

Thou hast feasted and slept in the House of the Stranger.
Thou hast feasted and the roots of the world are loosened by the pale rains of fear.
Thou hast slept and no man knoweth the keeper of thy kingdom.

MONTEZUMA

I am the keeper of my kingdom!
I am the Law!

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Then give me a sign that the Council may hear me speak thy will.

[MONTEZUMA *takes a bracelet from his arm and offers it to* CUITLAHAUTZIN, *who makes no move to take it.*]

MONTEZUMA

Take back to my chiefs this armlet of beaten silver.
Say to the high lords and priests of Tenochtitlan that I, Montezuma, speak with the mouth of my brother,
Seeking the safety of my people and the favour of the gods.
These are my words!
I make a friend of Malinche, the Pale Captain, that my people may not perish.
For I tell thee, a god walketh at his shoulder.
We are as children to go against him with spears.
We are as babes to go against him with craft and the cunning of lies.
Bid all men to be silent.
Bid them await my will.
By this token I charge them to obey thy word.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Brother, it is not enough.
They will make a mockery of my speaking.
They will deny my word!
I must bear them a graver token.

MONTEZUMA

What graver token wouldst thou ask?

CUITAHAUTZIN

The Beakéd Crown.

MONTEZUMA

No!

CUITLAHAUTZIN

I demand of thee the sacred sign of Huitzil.

[MONTENUMA *and* CUITLAHAUTZIN *gaze at each other fixedly for a moment. Then* MONTEZUMA *wavers, puts up his hands and removes the Crown, which he hands to* CUITLAHAUTZIN.]

MONTEZUMA

My priesthood, my kingdom, my city!

[*He turns and goes slowly up the south stairs, followed by the Spanish guard.* CUITLAHAUTZIN *stands with the Crown in his hands until* MONTEZUMA *has entered the house.*]

CUITLAHUTZIN

The city moans behind me like a storm-beaten sea.

[*To the* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL, *who stands behind him*]

Warder of the dread and silent altars,
Watcher at the gate through which no king returns,
Stand forth and hear me.
I was the chosen of thy unforgiving God!

In my heart burned the kingly fire of his veins.
On my brow, alone, flamed the bright sear of his lips.
I was the child of Huitzil and they passed me by.
They passed me by and the sowing of their hands hath brought the ruin of the world!

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

Thou hast spoken in truth, O Prince.

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Behold, this kingdom which I ask is a shatterd thing.
Yet am I not afraid.
The strength of mine arms shall make it whole.
The hills shall be firm again beneath the feet of mine armies.

[*He gives the Crown of the* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL *and kneels before him with bowed head.*]

HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL

[*to his companions*]

Is it your will that this man be King?
Is it your will, or dare ye again outface the anger of the Princes of Death?
Speak, that I may know your will.

THE ELDEST CHIEF

The Council hath spoken.
Place thou the Crown upon the head of this Prince.

[*The* HIGH PRIEST OF HUITZIL *places the Crown upon the head of* CUITLAHAUTZIN, *who rises to his feet and menaces* CORTEZ *with his clenched fist.*]

CUITLAHAUTZIN

Hear me now! Hear me and beware my wrath!
I am King and Captain in Mictlan.

I am Master of Spears!
I am Ruler of Men!
Thy craft and the strength of thy gods affright me not!
Thy heart shall melt in the black jaws of Huitzil.
Thy blood shall foam about his brazen anklets.
I will rend thee limb from limb, that the blind vultures may strip thy bones,
That the wolves may know thee under the white horror of the frozen moon.
Behold, I lift my hand and thine ears are smitten with the baying of the Hounds of Death.

[CUITLAHAUTZIN *lifts his hand and there is a roar from the Aztecs. The spearmen crowd up the stairway, but* CUITLAHAUTZIN *stands motionless. The Spaniards form for the defense of the roof.* CORTEZ *points to the House of* MONTEZUMA. ALVARADO *rushes in and brings out the King. They lead him to the centre of the platform, where he stands covering his face with his hands. The Aztecs become silent.*]

MARINA

My master bids thee speak and quiet thy people.
He bids thee speak as War-Chief.

ALVARADO

[*fiercely to* MARINA]

Tell him to send these dogs of hell to their reeking kennels.

[MONTEZUMA *draws himself up with dignity and advances to the edge of the platform. He lifts his hand, but before he can speak there*

is a terrible shout and the Aztecs attack him from below with a storm of stones and javelins; he falls back wounded among the Spaniards. CORTEZ, *seeing that the dethroned King is dead, points to the street below and the soldiers hurl the body over the parapet. Lights out. The god* HUITZIL *appears in a glow before the image of* QUETZAL.]

HUITZIL

Now is my Crown returned unto my Chosen,
The Beak of Flame to the Eagle.
Mine image is cast down, but mine altars stand,
and my madness is upon my people.
Cry thy Four Winds to average thee, O Quetzal,
Cry to thy girls and bid them bind me with
flowers,
Cry to thy strangers, if they be mighty,
For I am come to my feasting;
My hand is heavy upon thine images.
Lo, now I smite thee, and thou shalt break and
topple before me;
Lo, now I launch against thee my wrath, and
thou shalt fall unto dust beneath the
fire of it.

[*The image of* QUETZAL *falls from its pedstal.*]

The strangers shall go out along the causeways,
and the skies shall be darkened with
arrows;
They shall tremble at the thunder of my war
drums;
They shall be drenched in a storm of spears.
Behold, here I make a magic, the magic, of the
tempest of Huitzil.

I call from the world of the dead mine invincible armies.
From the caverns of darkness the troops of my dauntless implacable children;
They shall rise and their shields shall make bright the mountains and the lakes shall foam beneath their whirling feet;
They shall sweep across the strangers as a wave,
And when the flood falls and the dawn breaks
I shall feed full, and mine altars shall redden, and my war drums shall sound my victories
Even to my temple beside the Meadows of Death.

SCENE V.

LA NOCHE TRISTE

[*The causeway. Night-time, lighted by moon and torches. The Spaniards are seen in procession, fighting their way across the causeway. The Aztecs fight from below. Into this battle-picture the entire audience is drawn and the Masque ends in a Carnival.*]

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

CÆSAR'S GODS
A BYZANTINE MASQUE

CÆSAR'S GODS was written for and first produced by the Art Students' League at the Art Institute, Chicago, Mardi-Gras, 1913. The musical setting was written by George A. Colburn. The caste was as follows:

JULIAN, Emperor of the East....H. C. Kiefer
LIBIANUS, the Quæstor.....T. W. Stevens
THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS.....K. S. Goodman
THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE
E. Roslyn Kirkbride
THE BISHOP OF EDESSA.....Jacob Bischof
THE COUNT OF THE SACRED LARGESS
H. C. Stanley
THE PRÆFECT OF THE BED CHAMBER
Alan Swisher
ATTIRIUS, a young Pagan noble, nephew to LIBIANUS,.....Lance Hart
TIGILLINUS, an old Pagan, friend to ATTIRIUS.....E. J. Zillmer
CHION, A Greek philosopher...Gerrit Sinclair
ANACTORIA, a Pagan courtesan..Elaine Hyman
A DANCER..... Margaret Dixon
A PERSIAN ENVOY.....Milton Newman
AN ARMENIAN ENVOY.....Edward Vysekal
AN ACOLYTE OF MITHRAS...Luvena Buchanan
A GROUP REPRESENTING APOLLO AND THE MUSES
A GROUP REPRESENTING DIONYSUS AND BACCHANTES
A GROUP REPRESENTING ARTEMIS AND NYMPHS
A GROUP REPRESENTING ATHENE AND HER VOTARIES
Acolytes of Mithras, Monks, Hand-maidens, Trumpeters, Palace Guards, Bishops, Courtiers, Soldiers, Attendants of the Envoys.

ARGUMENT

The Scene is in the Judgment Hall of JULIAN *at Constantinople.*

The Period is the fourth century.

The Masque opens with an invocation to the GOD MITHRAS, *spoken by a pagan priest. The early scenes show the clash between the Christian and pagan parties and the renewed confidence of the pagans, owing to the fact that* JULIAN, *the new Emperor, has not yet made definite choice of religions and is said to favor the old gods.*

After JULIAN *has accepted the staff of justice and has received various embassies, the* PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE *offers the tribute of the Christian church and asks that its temporal holdings be confirmed.* LIBIANUS, *the new Quæstor, speaking for the pagan party, then denounces the* BISHOP OF EDESSA, *and demands that his estates be given to a pagan courtesan in order to humble the Christians.* JULIAN *refuses his plea and rebukes him. The* PATRIARCH *and the* HIGH PRIEST OF MITHRAS *call upon* JULIAN *to make a final choice between the two religions. The* PRIEST OF MITHRAS *calls up visions of the old gods and their worship and prophesies for the Emperor the conquest of Persia. The* PATRIARCH *refuses a sign, but prophesies the failure of* JULIAN'S *ambition and his death in the Persian campaign.* JULIAN, *angered by the implied threat, chooses to abide by the old gods.*

CÆSAR'S GODS

[*The Scene is the Hall of Justice in the Palace of* JULIAN *at Constantinople. At the extreme left is a tripod with incense burning. At the other side of the stage, a throne for the* PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, *and at the back, right, a higher throne for* JULIAN *the Emperor. When the Masque begins,* THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS *stands before the tripod, making an invocation to the gods. The* PRIEST *and* ACOLYTE *intone alternate stanzas of the invocation. With them is a group of attendant priests.*]

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

[*chanting*]

For whom the moons were made, the glories swung
Of stars in the high night,
All roses red and white,
All beauties old or young;
Give ear to us that pray; that pray and raise,
Vainly below thy feet,
Hands to thy banquet seat,
These many days.

[*The* PRIEST *and* ACOLYTES *repeat the first stanza.*]

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

Master of earth, lord of the sea, give ear!
Lean days are done and feasting days are near

When all thine altars shall be bright again
With keen blue flames, bluer than thine own sea,
Yea, wet with wine purple as Cæsar's cloak,
And blood of snowy oxen, newly slain,
And thou shalt have ten ships of Cyprian oak,
Freighted with gold to bear new gifts to thee.

THE ACOLYTE
[*chanting*]

For whom the moons were made, the glories swung
Of stars in the high night,
All roses red and white,
All beauties old or young;
Quicken the heart of him that sways the power,
Under thy rod to turn
Here where thine altars burn
New-fed this hour.

[*The* PRIEST *and* ACOLYTES *repeat the last stanza.*]

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

In peril we have done thee service, when
Thy worship was forsworn of mightier men,
Sweetened thy house with plucking of secret strings;
Yea, poured salt wine of tears beside thy door,
And tossed our offerings on the midnight flood.
Behold new vessels full of fragrant blood!
Behold thy votaries! Behold once more
Thine incense rising in the hall of Kings!

[*During the last speech, the* COUNT OF THE SACRED LARGESS *enters, followed by the* BISHOP OF EDESSA, *two monks and two attendents.*]

THE COUNT

Hold! Worshipers of the demon Mithras,

To whom have ye lighted incense in the Judgment Hall of Cæsar?

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

I give thee a warning, O Count of the Sacred Largess.
Old gods shall make new ministers.
They shall sweep the porches of Cæsar with their breath;
Thou hast broken in upon a mystery.
The flame dies.
Stay me not again.
[*He raises a goblet as if to make libation.*]

THE COUNT

Stay! Thou doest a forbidden thing!
Thou pollutest the palace with witchcraft.
Speak! What hast thou in thy goblet?

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

Blood of a lamb, newly slain, to Mithras.

THE BISHOP

[*to* THE COUNT]

Sacrilege! I will be silent no longer.
Thou art a minister of the palace;
I call upon thee in the name of the Saints,
Let this man be cast forth!
He hath spoken abominations!

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

Lay so much as the weight of thy finger upon me
And thou shalt make answer to Libianus, the Quæstor.

THE BISHOP

He hath lifted his voice to Satan!
He hath raised an altar to the Princes of Night!
He hath insulted the Symbols of Faith.

THE COUNT

My Lord, I pray you be silent.
This Priest of Mithras also hath his faith.
Libianus, the Quæstor, is a strong power.
He hath the secret ear of Cæsar.

THE BISHOP

Think you Cæsar himself will dare forswear the Church?

THE COUNT

Strange rumours ran before him out of Gaul;
Till he hath spoken, all faiths prosper.
It were ill to offend any that stand so near the Throne.

[*Enter* ATTIRIUS *followed by* TIGILLINUS. *They advance and kneel before the* HIGH PRIEST.]

ATTIRIUS

The blessings of Mithras upon travelers returned,
Upon servants come to their own.

[THE HIGH PRIEST *makes a motion of blessing them both.*]

ATTIRIUS

[*turning to* THE BISHOP]

And thine, my Lord Bishop of Edessa!
We are men of easy ways, my friend and I,
Needing the blessing of all gods.
Come, dost thou not know me?
I am Attirius, nephew of Libianus, the Quæstor.

THE BISHOP

I know thee too well!
Wastrel and libertine!
The Church once banished thee.
Thou art unchanged.

ATTIRIUS

Let that pass.
A new star shines upon the forehead of Rome.
We are fallen upon kindlier times.
My lands are restored to me.
Thou and I are neighbors again at Edessa.
My vineyards touch the walls of thy palace.
I come as a friend.
Give me thy blessing.

THE BISHOP

Thou art a walking sorrow to the Saints of God.
Stand back lest I wither thee with a stroke of my staff.

ATTIRIUS

Scant courtsey, by the curls of Bacchus!
Thou hast made an evil enemy,
Mine uncle is Quæstor.
What I ask shall be mine to hold or give.
Dost thou see this man Tigillinus?
He has been my cup companion in exile.
I owe him a reward of ease and pleasant feasting.
He shall have thy house for his revels.
He shall worship Bacchus in thy hall of state.
He shall store thy chapel with casks of Lemnian wine.

THE COUNT

[*stepping forward*]

Now by the Blessed Memory, thou hast spoken to far!
I am still a minsiter of the palace.
My Lord Attirius, I bid thee begone!

ATTIRIUS

[*snapping his fingers*]

Look to thy staff of office!

It hath become as straw in the hands of a child!

THE COUNT

[*drawing his sword and advancing upon* ATTIRIUS]

Must I chastise thine insolence with mine own hand?

ATTIRIUS

Thou bringest thine own doom upon thee.

[*He draws his sword.*]

TIGILLINUS

[*drawing his sword but remaining safely behind* ATTIRIUS]

Fear not, my Lord Attirius!
I am behind thee!

[LIBIANUS *the Quæstor enters, escorting* ANACTORIA, *followed by hand-maidens and attendants. He advances to the centre of the stage and the others fall back.*]

LIBIANUS

Shame be upon you, my Lords!
Speak! What means this brawl?

THE COUNT

Thy nephew Attirius hath insulted the Lord Bishop of Edessa.
I bade him be gone and he defied mine authority

ATTIRIUS

I did but ask his lordship's blessing.
Surely a curse is poor repayment for my reverence.

LIBIANUS

Is this a true speaking, my Lord?

THE BISHOP

Yea, I have indeed cursed him!
And do thou harken likewise, O Libianus.

To-day thou art Quæstor.
Thou goest clad about with purple and shod
with fine gold.
Thy feet are upon the high places of the earth.
Look to thyself!
Think not to humble the Saints of God with
thy hands!

ATTIRIUS

Thou hearest his word?
He dareth to threaten thee also.

LIBIANUS

[*to* THE BISHOP]

By Zeus, thou dost ill to anger me this day.
I warn thee, Bishop, thy party finds no favor
in my sight,
Nay, nor in that of Cæsar.

THE BISHOP

[*to* LIBIANUS]

I fear thee not!
Thou shalt be as dry vine leaves before the blast
of His wrath!
Thou shalt be as a parched field under the heat
of His scorn.

TIGILLINUS

He even hath threatened thee, O Libianus.
Next he will threaten Cæsar himself.
It were well to humble these Christians.
Give me his palace that I may consecrate it to
the Gods of Egypt.
Most honourable and drunken gods!

LIBIANUS

By the Powers of the Air!
That were indeed a fitting punishment!
What thinkest thou, Anactoria?

ANACTORIA

I love not these Christian lords.
Long power hath made them over-proud.
I have felt the weight of their curses and the sting of their scorn.
It were a sweet sight to see them humbled.

TIGILLINUS

Oh, Pearl of the East!
Add thou the weight of thy words to my asking!

ANACTORIA

Nay, I am of a different mood.

[*To* LIBIANUS]

Hearken to my speaking, O Libianus.
Princes have fawned at my knees,
Lords and captains out of Sardis and Crete,
Kings out of Egypt and from beyond Tigris:
They have brought me spices and caskets of carved aloes wood.
They have sweetened my wine with syrup of pearls,
My lap hath run over with their floods of rubies.
Behold thou ridest upon the high wings of Fortune.
Thou standest at the shoulder of Cæsar
And as yet my hands are empty of thy gifts.

LIBIANUS

O White Moon of Venus,
I have given thee my promise;
Ask what thou wilt.
Cæsar shall grant thy prayer.

ANACTORIA

I have a fancy for the scent of olive trees in blossom.

I would bathe mine eyes in the glory of the
moon upon green hills.
Give me the palace of this Bishop at Edessa.

THE BISHOP

I would rather the walls crumbled with the
lightning of Jehovah!
I would rather that the earth opened to swallow
it!

ANACTORIA

Fear not for thy house.
I will dedicate it to pleasant rites.
I will sweeten its halls with couches of sandal
wood.
I will give it doors of ivory with lintels of red
gold and hinges of silver.
Its floors shall be kissed with the naked feet of
dancers.
Its courts shall swoon with the langour of
quivering strings.
Thy basilica shall be purged of the droning
whine of thy priests.
I will wreathe its aisles with lotus
And Astarte shall have it for a shrine.

LIBIANUS

By all the Gods it shall be as thou sayest!

ANACTORIA

Ah!

LIBIANUS

Thou hast heard, Attirius.
I am beholden to the Lady Anactoria.
Her plea cometh before thine own.

ATTIRIUS

[*kneeling before* ANACTORIS *and kissing her
hand*]

O thou Golden Lotus of the Twilight,
I am content!
Tigillinus shall have gold.

TIGILLINUS

[*kneeling also and kissing* ANACTORIA'S *hand*]
The touch of thy hand is beyond the worth of ten palaces.
Aye, beyond the worth of a thousand casks of wine.

ANACTORIA

May the Gods smile upon you both.

THE COUNT

[*stepping forward as if in protest*]
My lord!

LIBIANUS

Nay! It is spoken!
[*There is a blare of trumpets.* LIBIANUS *gives his hand to* ANACTORIA *and escorts her to a seat near the altar of* MITHRAS. *The pagan acolytes group themselves behind her. The* PRIEST OF MITHRAS. *stands before the altar, the Quæstor at his left. The* BISHOP OF EDESSA, *the* COUNT, *and their attendants step back and form a group at the opposite side of the stage. Enter the* PRÆFECT OF THE BED-CHAMBER *bearing in his hands the Rod of Justice. He has with him two trumpeters and four guards of the palace.*]

THE PRÆFECT

Way! For the Patriarch of Constantinople!
Way! For the Shepherd of Souls!
Way! For the Vicar of the East!

[*Enter the* PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, *followed by two bishops and a procession of monks chanting. He takes his place before the smaller of the two thrones.*]

THE PATRIARCH

The blessing of the Most High and the good will of His Church be upon this house!

[*He seats himself.*]

THE PRÆFECT

Make way, my lords!
Make way for the Captain of the World!
Make way for Julian, Emperor of the East!
Make way for Cæsar!

ALL PRESENT

Hail, Cæsar! Hail!

[*Enter* JULIAN *the Emperor, followed by* CHION, *the Greek philosopher, and a procession of courtiers and soldiers.* JULIAN *mounts the throne and* CHION *stands beside him.*]

Hail, Cæsar!
Hail, Master of the East!

[*The Quæstor steps forward and takes the Rod of Justice from* THE PRÆFECT. *He then advances to the steps of the throne, followed by* THE PRÆFECT *and* THE COUNT OF THE SACRED LARGESS.]

LIBIANUS

Hail to Flavius Claudius Julianus!
Hail to the Master of Rome!
Hail to Cæsar!
Under thy word, the West and East shall be as one.
Triumph and Justice shall ride upon the wings of thine eagles.

The feet of thy legions shall be upon the boundaries of the earth!
The uttermost seas shall tremble with the oars of thy galleys!

ALL

Hail to Julian!
Hail to the Lord of the Earth!
Hail to Cæsar!

JULIAN

I take at thy hands this token of Fate and Empire!
Ye have set me alone upon the pinnacle of the world.
The savour of Fortune rises to me as the fume of spices burning.
I feel in my veins the surging of the flood-tide of Power.
Mine ears are shaken with the thunder of it.
Lo, I give you this pledge:
I shall be as fire and hail upon the foes of Rome.
But let no just man fear my wrath.
Mercy shall rest upon my shoulders
And my hand shall be firm to hold the scales of Justice.

[*The Quæstor and the others bow and withdraw to their former places.*]

THE PRÆFECT

The Ambasador of Sapor, King of Persia, brings thee gifts.
Fine silks to the value of ten talents of gold,
Robes from the looms of Persepolis and Ctesiphon,
Sapphires and rubies and sardonyx and amber,
Caskets of aloes wood,

Pearls from the blue gulfs beyond the Euphrates.

[*The Persian Envoy advances, followed by attendants bearing gifts. They stand before* JULIAN.]

JULIAN

I have read the message of thy master.
Go bear him no speaking but this:
The Emperor of Rome taketh no gifts sent as from a king to a king.
Sapor hath denied me the word of homage.
Later will I answer him face to face.
He shall crawl to my feet between his gates at Persepolis.

[*The Ambassadors bow and withdraw with their gifts. The Armenian Envoys come forward and prostrate themselves.*]

THE PRÆFECT

The Envoys of Armenia offer thee tribute and reverence.

JULIAN

It is well!
Bear back my greetings to thy king Arsaces.
Bid him make ready his accountings to Cæsar!
Say to him that Cæsar looks to him for twelve legions.
I have spoken.

[*The Armenian Envoys bow and withdraw. The* PATRIARCH *rises.*]

THE PRÆFECT

Silence, for His Holiness, the Patriarch of Constantinople!

THE PATRIARCH

[*holding up his hands in blessing*]

I give unto Cæsar the greeting of the High Council of Bishops.
I lay upon the Empire of Rome the sacred blessing of the True Church.
May the Hands of Cæsar be strong to uphold right.
May the land increase with the seed of his wisdom.

JULIAN

If thou hast aught to ask, speak without fear.

THE PATRIARCH

My son, I speak not in fear of a living king.
I do but render thee tribute according to an ancient custom.
Under Cæsar's hand must I hold mine earthly offices.
Therefore I render unto Cæsar the things of earth.
[*Two monks advance bearing a casket, which they set down at* JULIAN'S *feet.*]

JULIAN

It is well!

THE PATRIARCH

Confirm unto me the temporal holdings of my Church.

JULIAN

Peace be with thee. Thy holdings are confirmed.

THE PATRIARCH

I have yet another boon.
Confirm also the holdings of my Bishop of Edessa.

JULIAN

Can any man here show just cause why this should not be so?

LIBIANUS

I accused the Lord Bishop of Edessa before all men.
He hath spoken in despite of Cæsar!
He hath railed at Cæsar's gods.

THE BISHOP

I have spoken only in defense of mine own Faith.
I have railed only at abominations in the sight of Jehovah.

JULIAN

The ways of thy God are dark to me.
Let the Quæstor speak!

LIBIANUS

These Christians have become too proud.
I ask that this Bishop be humbled.
I demand his palace at Edessa for a worshipper of the old gods.

CHION

[*rising*]

Hold, my Emperor!
I have read the courses of the stars.
I have pondered upon the littleness of man.
Kings have learned philosophy at my knee.
I speak with the warrant of years.
Hear me, oh Cæsar!
Lend not thy hand to the work of hate and violence.
Thou wouldst build a sure house for the gods.
Look well to the laying of the first stone.

JULIAN

Thou hast spoken in wisdom, my Chion.
Hearken, O Libianus!
Let not thy word unmake the justice of Cæsar.

Let not the foundation of the house be flawed
Lest the roof fall and crush thee.

LIBIANUS

I have given my sacred word.
I have promised the gift of this palace.
Will Cæsar wish me forsworn?

JULIAN

To whom hast thou pledged it?

LIBIANUS

To a lady high in the Mysteries of Astarte,
To the lady Anactoria.

JULIAN

Enough! Thou hast presumed too far!
Thou art an ill servant to me and to the gods.
Bid this woman be gone.
Cæsar hath no largess for such as she!
[*To* THE BISHOP]
Go in peace, my lord Bishop.
Thy holdings are confirmed to thee.
[LIBIANUS *and the* BISHOP *bow and withdraw.*]

THE PATRIARCH
[*rising*]

Heaven will requite thy justice.
Thy words are as flakes of silver dropped in a golden bowl.
The seed of mercy lieth at thy heart.
Wherefore, I speak in hope.
O Cæsar, thou goest as one walking in a cloud.
They have spread for thee a snare of witchcraft.
They have dug for thee a pit of lies.
Turn thou thy face to the light.
The fear of God is the best of all things.
The keystone of certainty, the only sure staff.

It is His hand alone that maketh day return
upon the night.
Wherefore be thou on the watch
Lest thou near in blindness the time of departure
and account.

JULIAN

I have promised Justice to the high and to the
mean.
I have made gifts and given largess and freed
slaves.
What more wouldst thou have?

THE PATRIARCH

Accept the baptism of the True and Holy
Church.

JULIAN

So at last thou speakest this in public before my
captains?
Can I not be strong in mine empire,
Can I not be wise,
Can I not be just,
But I must bear thy mystic seal, O Vicar of the
East?

THE PATRIARCH

The spring of strength and wisdom and justice
is the Church.
Only through its gates shall man enter unto
fulfilment.

JULIAN

Nay, my lord Vicar. I am better instructed
than thou.
Was not Agamemnon strong,
Had not Socrates wisdom,
And the first of my forebears the Cæsars,

Augustus, was he not just in his empire?

[CHION *nods.*]

THE PATRIARCH

Cæsar speaks as a parchment,
As a painted scroll out of Egypt,
As a tale well conned from old and dead
philosophies.
Cæsar is subtle and wise.

CHION

Cæsar hath heard thee in patience,
He hath answered thee in logic;
It were not well, my lord Vicar, to pit thy
Church against his philosophies.

THE PATRIARCH

If Cæsar be just, it is by the will of God.

LIBIANUS

If Cæsar be merciful, he may forgive thine
insolence.
If I stood again in the glow of his love,
I would counsel him to break thee, Old Priest,
to destroy thee.

JULIAN

Peace!
I have known exile, and not been lonely;
I have lived in peril, and unafraid;
And behold where I tread the peak of the world
Shall I need a new scrip for my journey?
What gods may rule I know not, but the elder
gods are the fairest.
Shall I cast out Apollo and Mithras, when at
each rising of the sun they warm me?
Shall I forsake the Father of Gods, who hath
given the earth to the Cæsars?

Shall I flout Aphrodite, the Mother of Rome?

THE PATRIARCH

Thine empire hath flouted these spirits of evil.

JULIAN

An empire changeth with the face upon its coins.

THE PATRIARCH

I remember, I that am old, when Constantine was Augustus,
And by his law were these temples of abomination shut fast.

JULIAN

And I have seen these temples beneath the moon
When the ghosts of their votaries beat round their marble porches as a sea,
And their columns of pale stone trembled with a mighty music
From their centuries of unforgotten song.

THE PATRIARCH

Beware, Augustus.
There are compacts between thine empire and the Church,
High covenants
Not to be shaken by visions of dark and accursed shrines.

JULIAN

I look forward also,
And I am not minded to break down old faiths at my nod.

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

We, too, look forward, divine Augustus,

We who serve the gods and are given their wisdom.
Will Augustus hear from me the prophecy
from the cavern of our Mysteries?
The prophecy of Mithras?

JULIAN

Speak on.

THE PATRIARCH

There is a sacrilege in this witchcraft—

JULIAN

Speak on, prophet of Mithras.

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

I have followed thy fate into the unnumbered
years, O Cæsar.
I have seen thine eagles along the walls of
Persepolis,
Thy triumph purple and aflame with the
broidered spoils of Ctesiphon,
Persia lashed and crouching before thy throne.
Mithras hath chosen thee, Cæsar.
He whom thy legions adore is thy strength and
thy fortune.
Greatest of gods, he doth pledge thee the East
for thine own.
Thou shalt ride to thy glory over the shattered
phalanx of thy foes,
And thou shalt raise to Mithras an altar in the
sculptured house of the Persian kings.
Thus speak I, prophet of Mithras.

JULIAN

So Mithras doth offer me Persia.
And thou, my lord Vicar?

THE PATRIARCH

To Cæsar the Church doth offer no conquests,
no cities, no kingdoms.

On earth thou art Augustus, and thy might is
a pine amid lightnings.
Accept thou the baptism of the Church,
And the gate of the kingdom of God is open to
thee,
Against which the glories of Persia and Rome
are as flowers cast upon the dust of the
desert.

JULIAN

And where standeth Cæsar in that kingdom?

THE PATRIARCH

With the slaves who have been uplifted,
With the rulers comforted of their burdens,
With the Saints, according to his worth.

JULIAN

In the one hand, Persia:
In the other, this fate, to stand with uplifted
slaves through Eternity.

THE PATRIARCH

This priest, will he vanquish Sapor for thee?
But Eternity is long, and the Church is sure.

JULIAN

I am mindful of Eternity also. I weigh these
fates,
These Gods, the old and the new. What sign,
What token dost thou bring me out of thine
Eternity?

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

I will give the a sign, O Cæsar.
For Mithras, who slew the Bull, is the brother
of gods, not the foe.

JULIAN

Mine eyes are open; let thy spells begin.

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

[*throwing incense on his tripod*]

I show thee, Cæsar, visions magical.
Hail thee amid our long neglected shrines;
For thou hast heard the ghostly hands of that beat
About the temple doors, and voices call,
And altars smoke beneath an ancient heat;
And seen the white floors splashed with secret wines.

[*The hangings at the side of the hall disappear, and a group representing Athene and her votaries is seen.*]

Lo, here before Athene's image tall
The dim pocession treads its festival,
The knights in pride, the maidens decked and twined
With flowers, and lifted up with reverent hearts
To bear the sacred robe of the new year.
And all the cities leave their humming marts
And come to kneel——

[*The group disappears.*]

JULIAN

And so it was when our philosophies were born,
And Greece trod out the wisdom of her Gods
To sweeten the wine of life.

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

The vision changeth now,
And lo!
[*A group showing Apollo and the Muses is seen.*]
The God of Song doth kindle here his fire;
Brother of Mithras, bent upon his lyre,
Apollo waits, and round him, one by one,
Swing the high Muses in their mystic dance,

And priestesses who speak in esctacy,
Smitten across the lips with prophecy.
But the pale god, aloof and dreaming, stirs
Nor lip nor hand, but calm as the green firs
That clothe Olympus' shoulder, waits his hour.

JULIAN

His hour shall come: the flaming world of song
Shall not be quenched, nor all its glories waste.

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

He waits thy word, lord of the purple East,
For temples silent, altars lacking flame,
These please not gods, the while yon bishops feast
In their strange halls, and hail a stranger Name.
Behold!
The bacchanal with golden vine leaves crowned.
[*The dance of the bacchantes around the chariot of Bacchus is seen.*]
The dappled mænads filled with strange delight,
Trooping across the autumn, and the wood
Dim with the smokes of sweet and mystic night,
And vibrant with the flute and cymbals' sound;
While great Orion, paling toward the morn,
Gleams down upon the dance, and a sweet flood
Of rose red wine doth pour along the ground.
And high aloft in his vine-wreathed car
Great Bacchus nods amid his votaries.
[*The vision disappears.*]
Now a clear wind beneath a colder star

Doth sweep the Thracian hills, and Artemis
Follows with heavenly hounds the flying Day,
[ARTEMIS *is seen with her nymphs.*]
And pauses, signalling with her silver spear
To her brown maidens where, with winged feet,
They range along the waste and moonlight way.
A goddess shod with maidenhood for flight,
Cold as the white foam where the windy mere
Breaks at the foot of some stern precipice.

JULIAN

Surely in her the new faith finds no strain.

[*The group representing Artemis vanishes.*]

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

But look again, O Cæsar, while the spell
Calls from her grotto in the Paphian isle
Across the blue and glittering deep the Queen
Of Love and Mother of Rome—

THE PATRIARCH

Now by the Cross and by our holy Faith
I do forbid this black, unhallowed rite.

JULIAN

Thou dost forbid in vain, my lord Vicar.
I have seen with mine eyes. I have heard with mine ears.
I have shuddered through the darkness to the full day of prophecy and power.

THE PATRIARCH

Yet I forbid, and my staff shall smite down these abominations.

[*He strikes with his staff the tripod and it falls;*

the PRIEST OF MITHRAS *falls at his feet beside the bowl, crying.*]

THE PRIEST OF MITHRAS

A sacrilege! He hath broken the bowl of Mithras.
He hath smitten the God across the mouth!
A sacrilege, O Cæsar!

JULIAN

Silence! Patriarch of Constantinople, thou hast defied me.
Yet shall no man say I gave thee not full justice.
Show me thy signs, thy tokens, and then begone.

THE PATRIARCH

The sign of my faith is in the deep heart of Cæsar,
If he dare to look for it.
The eyes and the ears of Cæsar have drunk decites and vanities.
But the heart of Cæsar is wise

JULIAN

Too wise to be held from the path of destiny.

THE PATRIARCH

I show thee no spell, no sign, O Cæsar.
I make thee this prophecy:
Thou wilt follow these darkened and accursed gods.
Thou wilt gather thy legions around thee, and the desert will shake beneath their tread.
Thou wilt find an easy path into Persia, an easy way to the conquering of the East.
Thou wilt ride to battle in splendour.
Then lo, out of the dust of the desert will thy doom come upon thee.
The arrows of thy foes will strike thee down, and

thy pride will go out in a foaming of bright blood.
And then, broken and vanquished, thou wilt lie upon the iron ground of thy desolation,
And while Death lifteth up the purple hangings of thy tent,
Thou wilt cry out:
'O Galilean, thou hast conquered.'

JULIAN

No, no. Be gone from my sight thou lying prophet of death. I have chosen.

THE PATRIARCH

There is still mercy, O Cæsar, in the bosom of the Church.

JULIAN

Mercy! Look now if there be not mercy in Cæsar.
Thou hast threatened me, and I strike not.
Thou hast fawned upon me, and I, that am a Roman, have not slain thee.
Look now to thyself, and thy Church, and thy God. Begone.

[THE PATRIARCH *leads away his people. As he turns, the* QUÆSTOR, ANACTORIA, ATTIRIUS, *and the* PRIEST OF MITHRAS, *move up the steps of the throne. The Christians go out, chanting. From the parted hangings the pagan groups troop out in wild revelry.* JULIAN *watches them for a moment, holding out his hands above them in blessing. Then he starts, stands upright in his throne, and suddenly covers his face as if in agony. Above the throne, for an instant, appears the sign of the Cross; then darkness shuts out the scene.*]

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

RAINALD AND THE RED WOLF : A MEDIÆVAL MASQUE

RAINALD AND THE RED WOLF was first produced by the Art Students' League, at the Art Institute, Chicago, Mardi-Gras, 1914, with musical setting by Frederick Hart, scenery by Gerrit Sinclair, and with the following caste:

OF LAVAYNE

RAINALD, Count of Lavayne
Lance Wood Hart

YOSBEL, His wife, Countess of Lavayne
Blanche Dalton

FLORINO, Equerry to the Countess
E. Roslyn Kirkbride

THE BISHOP OF LAVAYNE..Raymond Mammes

THE CRIER OF LAVAYNE...George Shepherd

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS
L. James Merwin

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE WOOL-MERCHANTS
Charles E. Mullin

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE BAKERS
Roy H. Shinew

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE.....Catherine Rolff

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE..Beatrice Sherman

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE.....Sarah Hoover

AN OLD WOMAN .....Luvena Buchanan

Citizens of Lavayne, Ladies in Waiting Courtiers, etc.

OF THE BLACK COMPANY

WALDEMAR, Baron of Ludoc and Degramour
Henry C. Kiefer

HIS CAPTAIN.....Elmer Wolf

HIS HERALD.....Emil G. Zillmer

COMRADES OF THE BLACK COMPANY

OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF PILGRIMS

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS..Nils Wisktrom

AN OLD GLEEMAN.....Fred Kuehn

A. JONGLEUR.....Louis Klebba

IN THE MIRACLE PLAY

A LADY, Representing the City ..... Frances Avelina Thorpe

FEAR, GREED, SLOTH — Her Counselors — William Owen, Bernard Armstrong, Erving Kraut

CHURCH ..... Donald Ordway

AN ANGEL ..... Elsinore Girton

A WOLF ..... Ralph Sieweke

A CRUSADER ..... Lance Wood Hart

The time is the Twelfth Century.

RAINALD AND THE RED WOLF

[*The Scene is a square before the great cathedral doors. At the right is a booth with steps leading up to it. A brotherhood of Pilgrims is about to give a Shrove-tide Miracle-Play. The square is filled with townsfolk of various sorts.* FLORINO, *a young man in the dress of an equerry, sits upon the cathedral steps. The three* GUILD-MASTERS *stand chatting together at the left.* RAINALD, *completely shrouded in a dark cloak, stands at the right of the Miracle-booth leaning upon a pilgrim's staff. Two* GLEE-MEN *and the* JONGLEUR, *with lutes, sit upon the steps of the booth. The three* BURGHERS' WIVES *are near the* GUILD-MASTERS. *The* OLD WOMAN *is crouched near* FLORINO, *telling her beads.* THE CRIER OF LAVAYNE *enters.*]

THE CRIER OF LAVAYNE

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!
We command that no man go armed in this town,
Neither with swords nor with carlill-axes in disturbance of the Shrove-tide festival and of this play.

We command that all men leave their harness within doors,
Saving knights and squires of worship that should have their swords borne after them.
Oyez, Oyez! [*He goes out.*]

[*A Band of Beggars enters in procession and take their places around the steps of the booth. The curtains of the booth are parted and the* CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS *addresses the crowd.*]

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

Hear ye all! Hear ye all! Hear ye all!
Worshipful burghers and sweet folk of Lavayne,
I give you greeting in the name of the Brothers of this Pilgrimage!
We have trodden with naked feet the stony way to Jordan.
We have kissed the sacred dust upon the tombs of God's saints.
We have stood in the place of the agony of our Lord Christ, Captain of the World.
We have faced the infidel and unfolded the cunning of Egypt.
Hear ye all!
We bring you a precious essence seven times distilled from the grapes of true wisdom,
Globed in a vessel of pure gold, encrusted with abundant rubies.
The wine whereof I speak is the Miracle-Play my master hath made.
The vase of gold is our illustrious company.
The rubies are the drops of blood shed upon our glorious pilgrimage.

We offer them freely for your pleasure and instruction.
Hear ye all!

THE JONGLEUR
[striking his lute]

Friends and masters, one and all,
Hear! And if ye so incline,
From our chalice magical
Golden lipped and bright as dew,
Presently shall pour for you
Precious gifts of starry wine.

THE GLEEMAN

Noble gifts to satisfy
Thirst of soul and thirst of eye.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

Hear ye all! Hear ye all! Hear ye all!
Our Shrove-tide Miracle is of quaint and meritorious conceit.
It will bring hearts-ease to them that are sore afflicted,
And the stout of heart will kindle new faith therefrom.
Hear ye all!

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE

Hey, Master Pilgrim, of what sort is thy play?

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

That ye shall hear in good time,
If thou be but patient and lend us thine ears, Dame.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE

'Tis not to thy speaking the folk will harken this day, Master Pilgrim.

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE

Aye, who would be watching a mystery,

Whether of saints or kings or the passion of God
This day in Lavayne!
We are come to see the Lady of our city wed to
a new lord.
We have eyes for naught else beside.

THE OLD WOMAN

Ye speak the truth.
It is ill for a fair town when its rightful lord is
lost.
It is ill when the burghers speak not and the
guild men are silent.
When strong men sell their swords, and give
their honor to the buying of peace.

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE

Yet, peace is good.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE

Ye may well say that.

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE

Aye, though it cost us dear, we must bide con-
tent with the price of it.

THE OLD WOMAN

No peace is good that rides through our gates
in a saddle of shame.
Today the Black Company darkens the high
cathedral door.
The bells of our watch-towers are shattered and
still.
Waldemar the Wolf hath set his heel upon our
hearts.
He hath taken from us our Lady—our City.
And our glory goes out in treason and shame.
Ah, woe is me, woe is Lavayne!

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS

Cease thy wailing, beldam.

The Baron Waldemar hath long ears and a heavy hand.

FLORINO

[*rising*]

Let her alone, Master Armorer,
She at least hath courage.
[*He comes down from the church steps, and going to the steps of the Players' booth addresses the* crier of the pilgrims.)
Tell me, good Pilgrim,
Thou art lately come out of Palestine,
Knowest thou aught of my master?
Did no man speak there of Count Rainald of Lavayne?

THE OLD GLEEMAN

[*speaking behind Florino*]

It is a wide land from which we come.
An hundred dukes have gone thither in the long years,
Kings and brothers of kings with great blue swords;
A thousand princes in coats of purple and red gold;
Captains in fine mail with bright flags upon their spears!
Who was thy master that men should mark him among the like of these?

FLORINO

[*turning upon him*]

My master was such that had he risen with God's angels against the Prince Satan,
Michael himself had marked him to bear a standard.

THE OLD GLEEMAN

A rare master, surely.

FLORINO

My master was lord of this place where ye stand
He was the stone of our walls.
He was the water of our moat.
He was the flame that spread our banner in war.
Without him we are as bodies without breath,
Without courage,
Without shame,
Without hope.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

Yet I have heard no man speak his name in Lavayne.

FLORINO

They have forgotten what he was.
A vision of the Holy Sepulchre came to him at mass yonder;
His city became as nothing.

THE OLD GLEEMAN

God's life, but thou speakest with a bitter heart, young sir.
Tell me, art thou too a poet?

FLORINO

I am Florino, equerry to the Countess Ysobel,
She that was the White Lily of Lavayne,
She that was the most precious gem in a goodly treasure-house of laughter and fair report

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

And what of her now that thou speakest as of one dead?

FLORINO

She must become what cowards would make of her,

A thing for barter and exchange.
A ransom to buy the safety of fat necks and greasy moneybags.
My master's wife—
A plaything for the Red Wolf Waldemar.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS

Be still, Master Florino,
Guard thy tongue, in God's name.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE BAKERS

Look you, good Pilgrim,
Give him no heed.
He knows naught of policy and the need that drives us.
The lad is a fool.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE WOOL-MERCHANTS

We are men of grave responsibility, young sir.
Weighty men and burghers of a fair town.
It is our place to deal in patience and wisdom.
Necks that bear a city's life must needs bend lest they be broken,
And the treasure shattered past mending.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS

We have but chosen a new lord and the Countess a new husband
As befits the needs of Lavayne. Naught else beside.

FLORINO

[*passionately*]

They lie, good Pilgrims,
The true life of the city is naught to these men.
The Red Wolf fawned at our gates and they flung them wide for him to enter.
He asked our honor and they gave it him freely.
He asks more and they are still ready to give,

Lest he rend their bolts of cloth, forsooth,
And trade be marred.

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE

Go to Master Florino!
Must ye ever be railing at honest folk?
The Bishop himself hath blessed this day's work.

THE OLD WOMAN

He hath blessed an iniquity in the sight of God.
New blood is springing from the wounds of Christ.
They have set new banners of scarlet in the brazen porches of Hell.
Our Shrove-tide feast is become a banquet of fiends.
Ah, woe is me! Woe is Lavayne!

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS

Stop the hag's mouth!
Master Florino, go back to the Countess.
Look that she come not late to the church.

FLORINO

Ah, if Count Rainald were but here!

THE OLD GLEEMAN

What wouldst thou do, young sir, in such a case!

FLORINO

I would kiss his cloak.
I would ride with him through the streets.
The city would rise behind us like an April storm,
The young men with steel pikes in their hands,
And the women with black stones plucked from the bed of the road.
We would ride over Waldemar and his wolves.
We would break them, as the great sea breaks down a rotten dyke.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE WOOL-MERCHANTS

That is a mad speech, young sir.
If thy lord were here alone, what would it profit him?
He would hang by his neck in the town gates
And thou with him—
Yea, and other fools beside—

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE

An Count Rainald be not dead, he were better so.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE

If he be not dead, where is he?
Let him come back with a stout army at his heels,
Aye, and let him come within the hour.

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE

He is no help to us else.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE BAKERS

The women speak truly.
Get thee gone, Master Florino.
'Tis an ill thing crying names of dead men to the empty air.
And thou, Pilgrim,
I warn thee ask no more of things which concern thee not.

[*The* GUILD-MASTERS *turn their backs and move toward the church steps.* FLORINO *starts to leave and* RAINALD *stops him.*]

RAINALD

A moment, Master Florino!

[FLORINO *hesitates.*]

Come hither!

FLORINO

I give thee warning, Stranger.

I am in ill mood for further mockery.

RAINALD

It is not in my mind to mock thee.

FLORINO

What else?

RAINALD

Bear my greeting to the Countess Ysobel.
Before she enters the great door of the church,
bid her stop yonder.
She must hear the play I have made.
She must see these curtains withdrawn.
She must heed the miracle I shall set forth.
Hast thou marked me well?

FLORINO

I have marked thee too well.
What art thou and thy mummers to me or my
lady?

RAINALD

Mark then my face.
[*He draws aside his hood, facing* FLORINO *and the audience.*]

FLORINO

God's life! Master! My lord Rainald!

RAINALD

Go! do as I bade thee.
No word to my wife save those I have spoken.

FLORINO

I go.
[FLORINO *goes out hurriedly in the direction of the Palace. Enter a group of girls who give a Festival Dance. In the midst of the dance, the* CAPTAIN *of* WALDEMAR'S *guard enters, followed by four men-at-arms, and scatters the dancers.*]

THE CAPTAIN

Stand back! Make way!
Must I bid my men toss you into the river?
Make way,
Make way for my lord Waldemar.

THE MEN-AT-ARMS

[pushing back the dancers and the crowd]

Way for my lord Waldemar! Make way!

[There is a flourish of trumpets and WALDEMAR *enters, followed by his* HERALD *and a company of spearmen.* WALDEMAR *and the* HERALD *mount the church steps. There is a shout from the crowd.]*

THE HERALD

[lifting his hand]

Silence!
I command ye all to silence in the name of my liege, the Count Waldemar,
Baron of Ludoc and Degramour,
Captain of the Black Company.
Hear ye all!
My lord hath become, by the grace of God and the strength of his own hand, master of this town.
It is his to revoke all charters and renew all rights.
It is his to spare or to destroy.
Therefore, heed ye all what is proclaimed this day for the third time and the last.
By sanction of your Bishop and special grant of God's most Holy Church,
My master may wed with your Countess Ysobel,
She that is widow of your late lord Rainald, God rest his soul.

My master may become Count of Lavayne.
Hear ye all!
It lieth with the Countess Ysobel to yield to the demands of my lord,
But as yet she hath made no answer.
Let her appear at the Cathedral of Lavayne.
Let her appear before the High Mass of the Shrove Tuesday of this year.
Let her bring a favor that shall be a token of her dignities.
Let her wed with my master,
Else shall your town be laid waste
And not one stone of it left upon another.
Thus it is spoken!

[*There is another shout.*]

WALDEMAR

Ye have heard the voice of my herald.
Ye know me for a driver of hard bargains and a man of my word also.
There is left to your town scarce a quarter hour of grace.
I will not be gentle beyond the allotted time.
I am no loutish bridegroom that will await his bride in patience.
I have wrung gold from your city as I would wring juice from a ripe fruit.
See that your countess be not late in coming
Lest I wring blood from you also.

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE ARMORERS

[*Steps forward and kneels at the foot of the church steps. He has in his hands a sword and a rolled parchment which he has taken from an apprentice who stands beside him.*]

Most gracious and powerful lord!
In whose august hand lie the strength and prosperity of Lavayne,
Accept this sword.
It is the token of the loyalty and obedience of my guild,
The Guild of Armorers.
Accept also this roll of parchment—
It setteth forth in fair words the sweet will of thy people.
It petitioneth also the renewal of my guild's charter,
From this day forth.

[*He lays the sword and scroll upon the church steps. The* GUILD-MASTER OF THE BAKERS *advances with a scroll in his hand and kneels beside him.*]

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE BAKERS

Accept also the petition of the Baker's Guild of Lavayne,
In token of our loyalty, we have made a feast,
Our guild house is open this day to my lord's men.
We ask only that our chartered rights be restored to us.

[*He lays the scroll upon the church steps.*]

[*The* GUILD-MASTER OF THE WOOL-MERCHANTS *takes a robe from his apprentice and kneels beside the* BAKER *and* ARMORER.]

THE GUILD-MASTER OF THE WOOL-MERCHANTS

My lord, I am Master of the Guild of Wool-Merchants.
It is the most ancient guild of our city.

We deal also in silks and velvets and all fair
merchandise that is woven upon looms.
I have brought thee a furred cloak of the rarest
workmanship.
It is seeded with pearls and garnished over
with goodly feats of strange embroidery.
Deign to accept it as a gauge of our good will.
[*He lays down the cloak.*]

WALDEMAR

[*to his* HERALD]

Take this litter out of my sight.
Cast their filthy parchments into the river.
I will have none of them.
[*To the* GUILD-MASTERS]
Look ye now.
Ye are forehanded with your whining pleas for
favor.
Think not of your charters and your rights till
your roofs and necks be saved.
I am weary of waiting for your countess.
A moment longer and I loose my wolves upon
you.
[*The Burghers rise and draw aside sullenly. There is another flourish of trumpets and cries of "She is coming, she is coming at last." The* COUNTESS *enters escorted by the* BISHOP OF LAVAYNE *and followed by* FLORINO *and several ladies in waiting. They advance to the church steps.*]

THE BISHOP

[*raising his hand*]

My lord Waldemar, I give thee greeting in the
name of Holy Church.
[*He turns to the crowd.*]

Folk of Lavayne, I give you my blessing and the blessing of Rome.
I speak also for the Countess Ysobel, rightful lady of your city.
She hath come hither of her own will to wed with this man.
Be advised that what she doth is with the full sanction of her confessor,
And under the seal of God's Vicar,
For your good only and for the preservation of peace.

WALDEMAR

My lord Bishop, thou hast spoken well.
Come, we will go into the church.
[*The Countess ascends the steps slowly. There is a menacing murmur from the crowd and cries of "Shame! Shame!"*]

YSOBEL

[*turning upon the crowd*]

Why do ye cry shame to me?
Is it because I would have died gayly with the meanest of you?
Is it because none would stand with me in the gates and give blood for the keeping of them?
Is it because ye fawned upon me to live for your sake?
Look upon me well.
Men have named me the White Lily of Lavayne.
Poets have made songs of me to sing in far countries and beyond the green seas.
Sculptors have graven my hands in pale stone.
Painters have wrought my face upon ivory to be

shrined in soft gold as the likeness of a saint.
Priests have called me pure and honest of heart.
I tell you I am more.
I am as dry and cold and hard as a carven gem.
Aye and my price is greater.
It is well for you that this is so.
It is well for Lavayne that my lips are worth a city's ransom;
That the touch of my hands is like the softness of sunlight upon silver damask.
I was yours and ye have sold me.
I must needs be content.
But, mark me well,
I am neither meek nor humble with the shame ye have put upon me;
The wells of my weeping are run out,
And the flame of compassion hath gone from me utterly.
Ye have chosen me a new lord. Lo, I bring him my favor.
Ye shall find that ye have made a new mistress also,
One that is proud and unashamed and pitiless.

WALDEMAR

[*putting on her favor*]

Madonna, thou hast spoken well.
These men are surly dogs, needing the lash.
I do repent me of my bargain to spare their mangy hides and greasy kennels,
Yet will I hold to mine oath as thou holdest to thine;
So long but no longer.

Thou art become my own by sanction of Holy
Church itself.
I am thy lord.
I will make for thee a court that queens may
well envy thee.
I will sheathe thy silver body in the wonder of
Venetian looms,
Thou shalt sit high above the revels of princes,
In a chair of ebony.
Thou shalt have a bed of sandal-wood with
angels of amber at the four corners.
None may do thee despite or cry shame upon
thy choice.
But I will be thy lord.
Gainsay my lightest whim, withold aught that
is mine,
Loose me once from the golden web of thine
hair
And I become again the Wolf of Death.
This city shall flame about us like the pit of Hell:
I will have all or destroy all.

YSOBEL

[*to the people, contemptuously*]

Ye have heard my lord Waldemar.
Ye know well the truth of what he speaks.
Yet there is time,
The doors of the church have not yet closed
behind me.
Dare ye not, in this moment of grace, revoke
your bargain?
Dare ye not snatch me back?

THE BISHOP

My daughter, thou dost ill to set new flame to
an old anger.

Thou dost ill to speak in contempt of simple and honest folk.
By God's grace we are spared the spilling of blood this day.
Patience and meekness are worth more in His holy sight than the clattering of swords or the tossing of vain and bloody hands.
Thou art chosen by His wisdom to be the saving of thy people in their sore distress.
Mock them not.
Be not bitter of heart.
I have prayed long and earnestly,
The counsel I have given is but the voice of Heaven, spoken with these poor lips,
For the good of all.

YSOBEL

Since it is the will of Heaven, and no man lifteth his hand,
And no miracle hath befallen to stay my doom,
I will go into the church.
I will stand at the high altar and wed the enemy of our town,
Knowing not if my true lord be alive or dead.

THE BISHOP

My daughter, Heaven hath absolved thee of all sin.

YSOBEL

I know it not,
Neither care I so much,
Since there is no help.

THE BISHOP

Thou shalt have thy just deserts of God's generous hands.

YSOBEL

Doubtless that is so,
But I will also take my toll of this earth.
Come, let us go in.
[*She gives her hand to* WALDEMAR.]
Stay. I mind me of a promise and an ancient custom of our city.
We will hear first the play—
The Miracle Play, made by the brothers of the Pilgrimage.

WALDEMAR

God's blood! But this is an ill time for such mummeries!
Bid them wait!
We will hear them later.

YSOBEL

I will not bid them wait!

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

'Tis an ancient right of our brotherhood not lightly to be taken from us.
We may play before the church steps of all free towns.
We may play before the high mass at the Cathedral door.
He who breaketh our right at Shrove Tuesday feast doeth an ill thing
At the peril of his soul.

WALDEMAR

Enough! I am not to be frightened with words,
But I will hear thy play.
Look well that it be brief.
Look well that it contains naught against my interest and fair name,
Nothing scurrilous or of ill intent;

Else shall thy booth be torn to splinters,
And thou and thy companions be flogged naked
from the town gates.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS

Gracious lord, we have no fear.
The Miracle which we present is the meritorious
conceit of my master.
It containeth naught which may offend an
honest man,
Or affright an honest woman.

WALDEMAR

Have done with thine apology.
Go! Let the play begin!
[*The* CRIER *bows and withdraws through the curtains of the booth. The crowd seats itself before the booth, muttering and talking. Presently there are three taps upon the floor of the booth. The crowd becomes silent, the curtain parts, and the Miracle Play begins.*]
[*Enter, on the stage of the booth, a* LADY, *wondrously clad, with a Mural Crown on her head.*]

THE LADY

Lo, I am lost of home and kin,
And wander here this realm within.
My love, his hand that cherished well
Is riven away. Some holy spell
Doth bind his body far and lone;
I know not whither he has gone.
I know not who may do me ill,
Since I am left upon this hill,
And so I call my counselors
And bid them come.....O Counselors!

[*She calls, and* GREED, SLOTH, *and* FEAR *enter.*]

GREED

A call we heard and we are here,
Thy Counselors, Greed, Sloth and Fear.

SLOTH

Why so great haste? There is no need.

FEAR

What danger threatens? Caution, Greed!

GREED

This lady called. She glisters so
I came hot foot. Where wilt thou go?
Whence dost thou flee? What perils follow?
Is thy crown massy gold—or hollow?

THE LADY

My footsteps some dark fate doth track.
I may not stand, nor yet turn back.
I ask your counsel. You are wise.

FEAR

Yea, Lady, we are wise, we three.

SLOTH

We'll counsel, but our rest we prize;
We hope for peace and dignity.

GREED

And some reward for counselling well.

FEAR

Lady, if thou dost shudder here
And some dark fate doth follow, hide.
Conceal thyself. My word. I'm Fear.

THE LADY

I cannot hide. My sovereign crown
Gleams like the wall of a fair town,
That, high aloft in sunset gold,
Is seen afar from moor and wold.

FEAR

And this same crown may bring thy foes.
Pray take it off. For there be those
Who seek such crowns across the world

GREED

Yea, take it off. I'll keep it here.
[*She takes it off and* GREED *puts it in the capacious front of his jacket.*]
Thy mantle, too, were better furled;
It glitters bright, and seen afar
Might bring on us a ruthless war.
[*He takes off her mantle and she is seen in a dress which has the Arms of the City embroidered on the brest; she wears a great chain around her neck.*]

THE HERALD

My lord, here is an ill seeming.
She weareth the 'scutcheon of this town.
These knaves are bold.

WALDEMAR

I look for them to decree their own dooms.
Still, is it Shrove-tide. I will see their play.

THE LADY

So stand I unadorned, and still
I feel the beat of coming ill.

[*Enter an* ANGEL.]

THE ANGEL

Lady, I bring thee warning. I,
From the bright battlements on high,
Beheld thy peril, and struck wings in air;
Headlong across the starry stream
That flows between thy world and ours
I flew as one who flies in dream
To warn thee of this fateful snare.
Who are these three? This one who cowers,
This one who blinks, and this great paunch?

THE LADY

These are my Counselors, these three.

GREED

Yea, thou wilt find us wise and staunch
Sloth, Fear and Greed, her ministry.

THE ANGEL

Where is thy flashing turret crown
And where thy robe of saffron sheen?

GREED

I hold them safe, lest they bring down
Some robber on her, being seen.

THE ANGEL

Lady, thou standest on a hill,
Thy locks gleam gold. From all the moors
Red eyes look up to covet thee,
And evil feet draw near.
[*Turning to the* COUNSELORS]
Now ill
Can she be served by words like yours,
And hiding of her majesty.

THE LADY

Where may I flee? My lord is lost.

THE ANGEL

Lo, I will call one to thy side
To keep thee safe from tyranny.
[*He beckons and* CHURCH *enters.*]
With high and holy Church abide
And fear not fire, and fear not frost.
O, Church, I give into thy hands
This Lady. Let no harm befall.

CHURCH

O Messenger, I take of thee
This Lady, and my steeples tall
Shall give her shelter, and the bands
Of mine old laws shall bind her round.
Peace in her heart shall dwell, and we
Will guard with prayers her destiny.

THE ANGEL

I hear thy holy music sound.
I leave her in thy charge, and fly
Back to the midmost reach of sky.
[*The* ANGEL *goes out.*]

GREED

O Church, we'll also counsel thee.

CHURCH

A moment, friends. I first must see
What danger threatens. Lady ,tell
What is thy station, state and name.

THE LADY

O Holy Church, thou askest well,
And I to all myself proclaim:
My station, sovereign; my state
Forlorn, pursued and desolate;
Know by these blazonings, this chain–

I am the City of Lavayne!

[*There is a start of fear among the Burghers, and a murmer from the men of the* BLACK COMPANY. WALDEMAR'S CAPTAIN *leans forward.*]

THE CAPTAIN

They mock thee, my lord.
We will hold our fingers from their throats no longer.
Comrades of the Company—to work!

WALDEMAR

Peace! Let their play go on.
It likes me well. I will not have them flogged
Till it be done.

CHURCH

Peace and a quiet heart, Lavayne,
And all God's ordinances upheld;
These would I give thee; these are thine.

SLOTH

Now are thy grievous cares dispelled,
Mistress, and I may sleep again.

GREED

O Church, thy counsel chimes with mine.
I welcome thee. We two shall stand
Together in this heavenly trust.

FEAR

I still do tremble. Let no rust,
O Church, bedim thy guardian blade.

GREED

Moreover, since the dame hath land,
Thou'lt need administrative aid.
Call thou on me. And let me bear

Thy crozier, Church, as on we fare,
[*The four start to go out.*]

THE LADY

What, wilt thou leave me without guard
Here on the moor? What ravening beast
Prowls yonder, and with scarlet eyes
Threatens me? You who swore to ward
All peril from me, have ye ceased
To cherish me, that I am prize
To his vast hunger—I—Lavayne?

WALDEMAR

Why now, you knaves, bring on the Wolf,
And see that he be worthy of my name.
Let him not howl without, but show his claws, his teeth, his hate;
How he shall take this city, and crush her with his paw,
How he shall laugh when all of you are dead.
Go on!

FEAR

It is the Wolf, the Wolf of Death.
[GREED *falls on his knees over his spoils,* FEAR *and* SLOTH *crouching beside him.*]

CHURCH

Lady, bethink thee on thy sins.
Be patient. All may yet be well.
[*Enter the* WOLF; *the* COUNSELORS *flee off.*]

THE LADY

All may be well when I am slain.

Skies, look your last upon Lavayne!
[*She kneels, the* WOLF *bends over her. She sobs aloud, then cries out.*]
Rainald! Rainald, my lord, return!
[*As she speaks,* RAINALD *comes forth with a crusader's sword, and beats off the* WOLF; RAINALD'S *face is muffled. The* WOLF *crouches to spring upon him, turning* RAINALD'S *face toward the audience. Suddenly he flings off his hood, shouting:*]

RAINALD

Lavayne, I am come home!

THE CROWD

[*in amazement*]

Count Rainald—our lord Rainald!
[*The Burghers shrink away from the stage. The curtains are swiftly drawn shut.*]

WALDEMAR

Break down their play and bring me yonder man.
Spare none who bar you. Forward!
[WALDEMAR'S *guard starts forward. The Beggars close in and bar the way with their staves. There is a mighty uproar. The* CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD *fights his way up the steps of the booth, and throws open the curtains. There is a hush and on the stage* COUNT RAINALD *is seen lying as if dead, having fallen on his sword.* FLORINO *goes up the steps crying out:*]

FLORINO.

Our master—our master has slain himself!

WALDEMAR

He lies. I am your master.

I would have killed him when his play was done.
Go now, and strip this rogue. Drag his body
to the bridge. Cast it into the stream.

FLORINO

No, no, I say!
He has given his life because we dared not stand
to the storm of battle.
We were his people, and we failed him.
We gave up his house, his honor, his love.
He has taught us, men of Lavayne, he has
taught us how to die.
Let his winging soul look down on no new shame.
His body is ours—ours—ours!
[*Tumult breaks forth anew. Beggars and people force the soldiers back to the church steps. The* BISHOP *raises his staff.*]

THE BISHOP

Silence, my people. Let there be no shedding
of dark blood,
No staining of these porches to cry hatred up
to you in the days to come.
Lord Rainald is dead, and his cause rests now
with God and the Church.
These will not fail him.

FLORINO

Look you, my friends—how few are the swords
of our foes;
Stand aside, my Lord Bishop.
The folk of Lavayne are afire to take back their
city.
[*Threatening shouts from below*]

WALDEMAR

If thou wouldst not have me sweep clean his
market-place, my Lord Bishop,
And wash out the sedition of your city in a flood
of death,
Thou wilt obey me now.
Open the doors, I command you.
Open the church and give me what is mine: the
woman; the town; sanctuary; the law.

FLORINO

There is no sanctuary there—no law to shield
the Red Wolf.

WALDEMAR

Open the church, or I will tread you down as I
would those others.

THE BISHOP

No man shall profane with swords the House of
God,
Nor command his servants with arrogant words.
These doors are locked. I hold the keys.
I give them into your keeping—men of Lavayne.
[*He hurls the keys from him over the crowd and* FLORINO *catches them. There is a great shout from below. The* BISHOP *plants himself between* WALDEMAR *and* YSOBEL, *his Cross raised aloft.*]

FLORINO

The Vicar of God has given our enemy into our
hands.
Tear him down.

WALDEMAR

I have waited for this.
What do I want with sanctuary—with law?

I make mine own law, and when I have done
there is no need for sanctuary.
[*Shouts of defiance from below.*]
Bay your last, hounds of Lavayne.
Comrades of the Black Company, strike hard
For Ludoc—for Degramour.
Here is your pasture, my stallions. Feed full.
For Ludoc—for Degramour—strike home!
[*The Battle begins, and through it* WALDEMAR *and his men shout triumphantly. They drive back the townsfolk and Beggars, clearing a space before the church and the steps to the Players' booth.* WALDEMAR *goes up the steps of the booth and turns, his hand on the curtains.*]

WALDEMAR

Hold you, my brothers. They break. They
yield. We shall finish anon.
But now I go to give thanks to my lord Rainald–
Gramercy for his city—his church—his white
lily of Lavayne.
[*He kisses his hand mockingly to* YOSBEL *and goes into the booth. There is a pause. Then a loud mocking laugh is heard from within. The men of the* BLACK COMPANY *shrink back together.* FLORINO *goes up the steps and lays his hand on the curtains as if to part them, hesitates, desists, and stands gazing, with hand still upraised, at the curtains. They part and* RAINALD *steps forth, showing on the stage the dead body of* WALDEMAR.]

FLORINO

My master—alive—home!

[*The Beggars and townsfolk sweep the* BLACK COMPANY *off the stage in a rout.* RAINALD *tosses the favor to* YOSBEL *and speaks to the people.*]

RAINALD

And so our Shrove-tide play is done.
The darkened dream goes by, and I proclaim
Here is my city, joy, and the year's sweet festival.

THE JONGLEUR

[*singing*]

Friends and masters, one and all,
Hear, and if ye so incline,
From our chalice magical
Golden-lipped and bright with dew,
Presently shall pour for you
Precious gifts of starry wine.

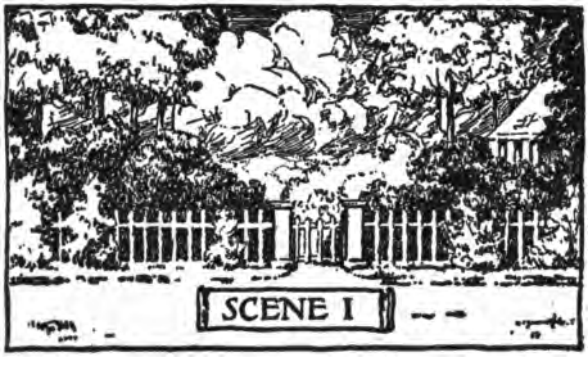
GLEEMAN AND CHORUS

Noble gifts to satisfy
Thirst of soul and thirst of eye.

[*The people form themselves into the Festival Procession.*]

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

A PAGEANT FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY



This Pageant was written at the suggestion of the Sane Fourth Association of Chicago, and first produced under its auspices, assisted by the Chicago Woman's Club, at Jackson Park, Chicago, the evening of July 4, 1911. The performance was free to the public, and the audience was officially estimated at twenty thousand persons. The Pageant is now published in the belief that it may provide or suggest to progressive communities a more logical method of celebration than that against which the Sane Fourth Associations are in active protest, being an attempt to show in dramatic form some of the conditions which led to the American Revolution; to explain the situation of the Continental Congress previous to its Declaration of Independence; and to make plain the effect of this Declaration upon the position of Washington as commander of the American army.

The Pageant in the form here given is not designed for presentation on a very great scale. It may be played by a hundred participants; or the number may be augmented to four or five hundred where funds for extensive costuming are available. It is intended for outdoor evening production, with simple profile scenery such as may be constructed and painted anywhere. The scenes are arranged for rehearsal as units, so that the number of general rehearsals may be reduced to a minimum. It is the belief of the authors that the complete reading of the Declaration of Independence should be incorporated in the performance; but as this document is of considerable length it may seem advisable to some stage directors to curtail the

reading, letting the Messenger lead off the crowd at the close, and playing the final scene immediately upon his exit. This point, as well as many details of costume and setting, may be left to the director in charge. The purpose of this book is rather to suggest a definite and congruous plan for a community celebration—one which may be developed into a graphic and vivid appeal to the emotions of patriotism, and one not wholly unrelated to historical truth.

Scene I. was played by students of the Art Institute under the direction of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Cowley.

Scene II. was played by members of Mr. Donald Robertson's class in the Cosmopolitan School of Music and Dramatic Art.

Scene III. was played by the Players' Club of the Young Men's Hebrew Institute under the direction of Lester Alden.

Scene IV. was played by members of The Palette and Chisel Club assisted by Mr. Langan and Mr. Owen.

The Stage and equipment was furnished by The South Park Commission. The scenery was designed by Allen E. Philbrick.

CASTE

THE TOWN CRIER.....William Owen

SCENE I.

A LAME BOY.....Oliver Rainville
PAUL REVERE.....Charles Herbert
DICK, one of the Sons of Liberty
Ward Thornton
MR. WENTWORTH, a Merchant.B. L. Matthews
MISTRESS TRUTH JACKSON .....Bess Devine
COLONEL SPOTSWOOD, a British Officer,
Frank Herbert
WILLIAM JACKSON, a Loyalist Merchant,
J. H. McFarland
GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON.....J. P. York
ENSIGN PRITCHARD.....Edward Cristman
SAMUEL ADAMS.....Frederick Cowley

SCENE II.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.....Gladys Tilden
MISS MALBY.....Jane Heap
MRS. FAIRFAX.....Sarah Mann
LADY CAROLINE DUNMORE.....Olive Garnett
COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Thomas Langan
EDMUND PENDELTON.....R. B. Nelson
PATRICK HENRY.....Frank Hardin
CHARLES DUNMORE.....Rosco Brink
POMPEY.....E. Griffith

SCENE III.

CAPTAIN PARKER, of the Lexington Minute Men.....Bernard Friedman
MR. HARRINGTON.....Harry Boyell
A YOUNG FARMER.....N. R. Pastel
BOWMAN, a patriot messenger....S. Harrison
MAJOR PITCAIRN.....J. Lewis Baskin
LORD PERCY.....Herman Schover
LIEUTENANT NASH.....Phillip H. Goldstein
A TROOPER.....D. Levin
MRS. HARRINGTON.....Miss Rosenberg

SCENE IV.

FIRST SENTRY.....O. E. Hake
SECOND SENTRY.....Martin Hennings
THE BUTCHER'S BOY.....George Baer
LIEUTENANT PROSBY.....Carl Scheffler
GENERAL SULLIVAN.....Theodore Lely
GENERAL WASHINGTON.....Thomas Langan
COLONEL WELLS.....George Seideneck
CAPTAIN MARSH OF THE MILITIA...Karl Krafft
COLONEL REED.....Ezra Winter
COLONEL PATTERSON, British Army, Harry Engle
THE MESSENGER.....William Owen
GENERAL DIRECTOR....Thomas Wood Stevens
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR...Dudley Crafts Watson

A PAGEANT FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE CRIER

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Folk of this town,
For whom brave days and heedless festivals
Have dimmed the price your steadfast fathers paid,
The price of freedom bought with tears and blood,
I call you back across the prosperous years—
I, with my bell and lantern, call you back,
And bid you look upon my town and time.
Here's Boston. Seventeen seventy-four the year.
The town's still loyal to the King; yet we,
The sons of the stern pilgrim strain, we bear
With an ill grace his growing tyrannies.
Dark laws he gives us, and he binds our hands
With no consent of ours, no voice of ours
To speak in his far councils. Tax and tithe
He levies, shuts our ports to ships, and breaks
One after one, our ancient chartered rights.
We lift our voices, and he turns away.
We cry for justice, and he strikes us down.

Yet we are men of English blood; in us
The spirit that broke free at Runnymede
Still burns. These colonies are scattered, frail,
Not of one mind: but this hot fire of wrong
May fuse them into undivided might.
Let George the Third, the King, beware. For now,
In the hard-driven North, men meet and choose
Voices to cry forgotten freedoms back.
The Congress gathers from each colony
The men of worth and courage, councillors
Of the new order. And our people turn
Each to his choice—for or against the King.

SCENE I.

It is a spring evening in the year 1774. The place is a quiet street in the outskirts of Boston. There are no houses in sight, but a white picket fence, a high hedge behind it, crosses the back of the stage. In the centre is a gate with tall posts, on one of which is sitting a LAME BOY *with a crutch. He is looking intently up the street, from which direction one can hear shouting and singing. The sound grows louder and nearer.*

THE BOY

[*waving his cap and crutch*]

Here they come! Here they come! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Here come the Liberty Boys!

[*A crowd of men and boys marches across the stage, singing, shouting, and laughing. Some are carrying bundles of firewood, and one is wheeling a barrow with a dummy in*

it. The last MAN *in the crowd stops and speaks to the* LAME BOY.]

THE MAN

Well, youngster, I hope you will always shout like that for the cause of Liberty.

THE BOY

Oh, sir! That was my brother Tom with the wheelbarrow! He put me up here so I could see them go by.

THE MAN

Aren't you coming along to see the bonfire?

THE BOY

No, sir; I'm lame. I can't walk fast enough.

THE MAN

[*offering his back*]

Climb on my back. A good patriot like you deserves a lift.

THE BOY

No, sir; I mustn't. I'm to stay here and watch for the British lobster-backs. I've got my orders.

THE MAN

A sentry, eh? Good! I won't tempt you to leave your post. [*Laughing*] Paul Revere always salutes a soldier and a patriot. Good luck, lad. [*He gives a military salute and hastens after the crowd.*]

THE BOY

Good luck, sir! Hurrah for Liberty!

[DICK *enters with posters. He tacks one on a tree.*]

THE BOY

Hullo, Dickon.

DICK

Hullo, Boy.

THE BOY

Why ain't you with Father and Tom? They're burning a figure of old Granny Brewster in front of her shop because she sells British tea.

DICK

I've got orders to put these up. [*Very importantly*] It's serious business; I durstn't let the soldiers catch me at it. Look here! [*He taps his posters proudly.*]

THE BOY

Oh, Dick! What are you putting up?

DICK

A proclamation from the Sons of Liberty. It's about old William Jackson, the Tory merchant.

THE BOY

Is he a Tory?

DICK

Everybody says he is.

THE BOY

I thought so. There's a British officer taking supper with him, and Governor Hutchinson's there, too.

DICK

Is this William Jackson's gate?

THE BOY

Yep.

DICK

Good! [*He runs over and tacks a poster on the other gate-post.*] I guess he won't miss seeing that when he comes out.

THE BOY

[*looking over the hedge*]

Help me down; quick! Help me down! They're coming out of the house!

DICK

Right you are. Here, give me your fist. [*He helps him down.*] Come on, lad. [*He gives the* BOY *a hand and they hurry off just as* TRUTH JACKSON, COL. SPOTSWOOD, *and* WENTWORTH *enter through the gate.*]

WENTWORTH

You see they're gone, Miss Truth. Nothing to look at here.

COL. SPOTSWOOD

You might have finished the song.

TRUTH

Oh, dear! I did so much want to see them go by. But Father—oh, Father's so slow and so stubborn sometimes.

COL. SPOTSWOOD

Dear lady, your father was right. Why expose yourself to the insults of an unmannerly mob?

TRUTH

Was it an unmannerly mob, Mr. Wentworth?

WENTWORTH

Colonel Spotswood exaggerates the danger of insult. The Sons of Liberty are decent and loyal people. Perhaps a little hasty—

COL. SPOTSWOOD

Hasty! Good Gad, sir! Hasty! Their daily outrages are a deliberate affront to Governmental Authority!

WENTWORTH

That depends, Colonel Spotswood, on what you consider the true source of Governmental

Authority. They are loyal to the King and to the Assembly of Massachusetts Bay.

COL. SPOTSWOOD

Stuff, sir! If I were in Governor Hutchinson's shoes, I'd take no dictation from your Mr. Samuel Adams and his Assembly of farmers!

WENTWORTH

Mr. Hutchinson is a reasonable man. He understands the temper of the Colonies. I wish there were more like him in power.

COL. SPOTSWOOD

As I was saying at supper—

[*The* COLONEL *and* TRUTH *seat themselves on a bench just as* JACKSON *and* HUTCHINSON *enter by the gate.*]

HUTCHINSON

Quite so, quite so. But I see it in a far more serious light.

JACKSON

Stuff and nonsense. Give it time to blow over. Give it time—Ah, Wentworth, you walked too fast for us. Where's Truth?

WENTWORTH

Your daughter has deserted me for a younger man.

JACKSON

Serves you right, Wentworth, serves you right. You should keep young like the rest of us. This infernal worry over politics is making an old man of you.

WENTWORTH

My money obligations press me hard. Trade has fallen off sadly.

JACKSON

Not with me, sir! Not with me! Let me give you a bit of advice. Leave your damned questions of penny taxes and the like to Adams and his pack of radicals. They've got nothing to lose. You stick to your counting-room.

HUTCHINSON

I can acquit Mr. Wentworth of being a radical.

JACKSON

Any man with a sound trade should keep clear of politics.

WENTWORTH

These are serious days for the Colonies. I must bear my part of the risk.

JACKSON

Fiddlesticks! Keep to the old way. That's my motto. Sell honest goods at an honest profit. Mind your own affairs and the Country will take care of itself.

WENTWORTH

The malady has got beyond that cure, Mr. Jackson.

HUTCHINSON

I am an officer of the Crown; my interest is in peace, but I am forced to see the dangers which threaten us.

[JACKSON *catches sight of the poster on the gate. He pulls it down, takes out his glasses, and reads it.*]

JACKSON

Thunder and Mud! Listen to this. [*He reads aloud.*] "William Jackson, an importer, at the Brazen Head, North Side of the

Town-House opposite the Town-Pump in Cornhill, Boston. It is desired that the Sons and Daughters of Liberty should not buy any one thing of him, for in so doing they will bring disgrace upon themselves and their Posterity, forever and ever, Amen." This is an outrage! Am I to be treated as a public enemy because I abide by the laws. Must I be placarded like a common cheat, because I pay my just taxes and refuse to let my business go to the devil! It's an outrage, sirs, it's a damnable outrage! Governor Hutchinson, I appeal to you.

HUTCHINSON

I fear, Mr. Jackson, I can be of little service to you.

WENTWORTH

Pray, sir, be reasonable!

[*As the three men continue the discussion, a squad of British soldiers crosses the back of the stage.* ENSIGN PRITCHARD *marches last. He sees* GOV. HUTCHINSON, *halts, and salutes.*]

HUTCHINSON

One moment, Mr. Pritchard. What's the trouble?

PRITCHARD

A mob, sir. The Sons of Liberty again. We have orders to prevent rioting.

HUTCHINSON

Take care you don't occasion it, Mr. Pritchard. [PRITCHARD *salutes.*] Report to me direct if anything unpleasant occurs.

PRITCHARD

Very good, sir. [*He salutes again and goes off after the soldiers.*]

[MR. SAMUEL ADAMS *enters from up the street.*]

JACKSON

By Heaven! It's Adams, himself! Well, sir!

ADAMS

[*smoothly.*]

Ah, good evening to you, Mr. Jackson. Governor Hutchinson, my compliments. Wentworth, your servant. This is most fortunate.

JACKSON

[*shaking the poster in* ADAMS'S *face*]

Yes, sir. I call it very fortunate indeed! Perhaps you can tell me the meaning of this infamous scrap of paper.

ADAMS

What is it?

JACKSON

A proclamation issued by your infernal Sons of Liberty. An effort on the part of strangers to dictate to me how I shall transact my personal business. [*With scorn.*] Who are your Sons of Liberty?

ADAMS

A society of honest men who refuse to let a parliament of strangers dictate to them how they shall transact the private business of the American Colonies.

JACKSON

I have not taken sides. I only ask to be let alone.

ADAMS

Mr. Jackson, the hour has come when we must know who are the friends of Liberty. There is no middle ground. The notice in your hand should open your eyes to that.

JACKSON

Open my eyes! Stuff and nonsense! Wentworth, I warned you against this man!

ADAMS

Ah, that reminds me! [*He turns to Wentworth*] Mr. Wentworth, it gives me pleasure to announce that you have been selected to serve, with my cousin Mr. John Adams and myself, as a delegate to the General Congress of the Thirteen Colonies at Philadelphia. I hope to have your acceptance, sir.

WENTWORTH

Mr. Adams, I hardly know—

ADAMS

Surely, sir, you do not hesitate to accept this mission?

WENTWORTH

I am quite at loss—My views are moderate—The Congress is like to take some very radical steps—

[PRITCHARD *enters and salutes* GOV. HUTCHINSON.]

PRITCHARD

You asked me to report, sir, if anything unpleasant occurred.

HUTCHINSON

[*glancing at* ADAMS, *who is listening intently*]

Be as brief as possible, Mr. Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

It was a bonfire. We had no trouble in breaking up the crowd. Some disturbance, not much—two of our fellows struck by stones. We should have got the place nicely cleared, but Hollingshead's a bit nervous and gives the word to fire; over their heads, of course.

HUTCHINSON

I have advised General Gage to issue strict orders against firing under any circumstances. Go on, Mr. Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

One of the men must have aimed too low.

SPOTSWOOD

And winged one of the beggars, eh? Serves 'em jolly well right!

ADAMS

For shame, sir!

[*A group of excited patriots crosses the stage at the back, carrying the lame boy, who is wounded. The boy,* DICK, *follows, weeping.*]

HUTCHINSON

So they wounded a man?

PRITCHARD

A lame boy, sir.

TRUTH

Oh, for shame! The poor child! Was he badly hurt?

PRITCHARD

I hope not, miss.

HUTCHINSON

This is most unfortunate.

PRITCHARD

Yes, sir. The crowd is in a nasty temper.

HUTCHINSON

You may go, Mr. Pritchard. [PRITCHARD salutes and withdraws.] Wretched times for us all! Poor lad! Mr. Adams, I tell you I would do anything within my duty as Governor of Massachusetts Bay to prevent another such occurence.

ADAMS

Governor Hutchinson, I respect you as a fair-minded adversary. Good God, sir, no one realizes better that the patience of the Colonists is nearly exhausted. We know at least where you stand. It is to these gentlemen that I appeal. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wentworth, we have come to the parting of the ways. As honourable men, you must openly take sides for the struggle. It may not break within the week or within the year, but it is close upon us. You cannot avoid it. You must make a choice. Come, gentlemen, Massachusetts Bay shall know her friends and her enemies.

WENTWORTH

Mr. Adams, I am proud to accept the mission to Philadelphia. [*He gives his hand to* ADAMS.]

ADAMS

I thank you on behalf of the Assembly. [*Turning to* JACKSON] And you, sir?

JACKSON

You can go to the devil, with my compliments!

ADAMS

[*to* HUTCHINSON]

A fair division! A fair division, sir. I am doing my work for the Peace that will follow the Strife, when I bring these men to understand that they must choose between us and our oppressors. You call me a radical because I cannot forget the blood that has been shed in Boston streets, while you remember only your merchandise and your money. I bid you good-night.

[ADAMS *and* WENTWORTH *bow and go out, arm in arm.*]

HUTCHINSON

[*to* JACKSON]

Have you chosen wisely?

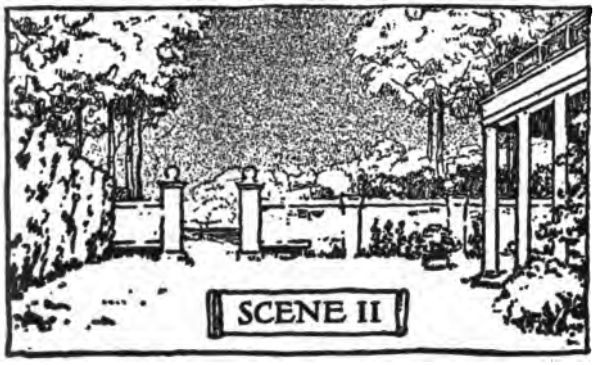
JACKSON

[*sullenly*]

No man shall drive me to ruin myself for a pack of nonsense.

HUTCHINSON

I am the King's loyal servant, but I wish I could be quite sure that you have chosen well.



THE CRIER

And now I bid you all take ship with me
Along our coasts, out of our discontent;
Past the Dutch colonies, more slow to wrath;
The Jerseys, where the good Lord Carteret
First brought a kindly charter and just laws;
Past Delaware, the Swedish Lion's pride,
And Penn's blue woods, and the long quarrelling land
Where Baltimore's tolerant rule was quenched.
So to Virginia. I would bid you see
The men, who, from their ample life and peace,
Fair acres rich since Raleigh's time, went forth
To join our perilous councils. These were grave
And seasoned men, bred in untroubled days
And nurtured in old hospitalities.
These, still unsmitten by the rod, espouse
With staunch and resolute hearts our desperate cause.
And one of these shall ride with Destiny
Through the embattled years to deathless fame.

SCENE II.

It is an August afternoon in the year 1774. The place is a terrace-garden in the grounds of COL. WASHINGTON *at Mt. Vernon, Virginia. There is a hedge much as in* SCENE I. *but the gate is larger, and in a different position.* MRS. WASHINGTON *is seated at a tea-table.* MISS MALBY *is standing beside her, while* MRS. FAIRFAX, LADY CAROLINE DUNMORE, *and* MR. CHARLES DUNMORE *are at the other side of the stage admiring a view of the Potomac River.*

MRS. WASHINGTON

You find our view a pleasant one, Lady Caroline?

LADY CAROLINE

It is quite enchanting! Your Potomac is a lordly river.

CHARLES

Mrs. Washington, I quite envy the gentlemen of Virginia. When my sister and I accepted the invitation of our uncle, Lord Dunmore, we had no idea that we should find such beautiful estates, and such charming hospitality.

MISS MALBY

It is your first visit to the Colonies?

LADY CAROLINE

My first; but Charles has made the voyage to Boston.

CHARLES

Their society is raw and provincial beside that of Virginia.

MRS. WASHINGTON

Your compliments put us much in your debt, Mr. Dunmore.

LADY CAROLINE

They make but a poor return for your kindness, Mrs. Washington.

MRS. FAIRFAX

From here you can catch a glimpse of Colonel Washington's pinnace, Charles.

[*She points through the trees toward the river, and as the young people give her their attention,* MISS MALBY *speaks to* MRS. WASHINGTON.]

MISS MALBY

Dear Martha, here is the list of things which you directed me to order for you from Mr. Washington's correspondent in London.

MRS. WASHINGTON

I fear we shall do without them, Letitia.

MISS MALBY

Do without them? [*She reads the list.*] "Two fine flowered aprons, six pairs women's white silk hose, six pairs fine cotton ditto, one pair black and one pair white satin shoes of the smallest fives, a silver tabby petticoat, Miniken pins, masks, bonnets, packthread stays, and a book of the newest and best songs set to music for the spinnet."

MRS. WASHINGTON

The list is of no use, my dear. The order is not to be sent.

LADY CAROLINA

[who has overheard]

Mrs. Fairfax tells me that all your ladies of fashion send to London for much of their wardrobe.

MRS. WASHINGTON

It has been our custom to do so. Miss Malby was just now reading me a list of articles which I had greatly desired from London.

CHARLES

I sail for England within the month, madame. It will give me pleasure to be entrusted with your commissions.

MRS. WASHINGTON

Many thanks, but I fear we shall have nothing from England for a time at least. The gentlemen of the county have passed a resolve that we import no British goods, except articles of the first necessity.

LADY CAROLINE

But surely people of property, able to indulge their tastes, will continue to buy what they like.

MRS. WASHINGTON

We have agreed, dear Lady Caroline, that all manner of luxury and extravagance ought to be laid aside out of respect for the sufferings of the people of Massachusetts.

LADY CAROLINE

I cannot understand why you should deny yourselves for the sake of a distant colony of peasants and tradespeople.

MISS MALBY

You see, nevertheless, I am obliged to tear up this tempting list of finery. [*She tears up the list.*]

MISS FAIRFAX

It is our duty to set an example of temperance, fortitude, and frugality.

[COL. WASHINGTON *enters from the direction of the house, and greets his wife's guests.*]

WASHINGTON

Mrs. Fairfax, my compliments. Lady Caroline, it is a delight to welcome you to Mount Vernon.

LADY CAROLINE

Colonel Washington, let me present my brother, Mr. Charles Dunmore.

CHARLES

I have had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Washington in Williamsburg.

WASHINGTON

To be sure. I am glad to renew the acquaintance.

[*He shakes hands with* CHARLES *and turns to* MRS. WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON

My dear, Mr. Edmund Pendelton and Mr. Patrick Henry are arrived. They will join us presently.

LADY CAROLINE

How charming! You know we met them both at the ball given in honor of my aunt, Lady Dunmore, by the House of Burgesses.

MRS. WASHINGTON

Pray, Letitia, find Pompey and tell him to fetch the tea.

[MISS MALBY *goes toward the house, the other ladies chat with* MRS. WASHINGTON, *and* COL. WASHINGTON *joins* CHARLES.]

CHARLES

I am told, sir, this Mr. Henry is a remarkable orator, the firebrand of sedition in your House of Burgesses; that he can make black look white if you do but lend him your ears.

WASHINGTON

He is a fine speaker, deeply impressed with the justice of his cause.

CHARLES

A man of parts, sir, I grant you. But do you seriously believe in such an alarming and dangerous situation as he pretends to foresee? Will the gentlemen-planters of the southern colonies make common cause with a parcel of merchants and petty shopkeepers, in Boston and Philadelphia?

WASHINGTON

We have made common cause with them before this, Mr. Dunmore, in the French and Indian War.

CHARLES

Surely, that was a different matter. You were banded against an alien enemy.

WASHINGTON

The Colonies will have but one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose by all just and

proper means every injury to American rights.

[MISS MALBY *enters, followed by* POMPEY *carrying a tray and tea-service.*]

POMPEY

Mr. Pendelton and Mr. Henry.

[*He places the tray on the table just as* PENDELTON *and* HENRY *enter from the house. They greet* MRS. WASHINGTON, COL. WASHINGTON, *and the other guests who are already known to them both. There is a general chatter of polite greetings for a moment.* PATRICK HENRY *joins* LADY CAROLINE, PENDELTON *remains beside* MRS. WASHINGTON *and* MISS MALBY *at the tea-table, while the others form a third group.*]

HENRY

[*to* LADY CAROLINE]

Are you still the hotheaded little Tory I found you a month ago at the ball at Williamsburg?

LADY CAROLINE

I have learned much in a month, Mr. Henry, about Virginia and about you.

HENRY

May I hope that your political sentiments have —shall I say—softened?

LADY CAROLINE

[*gaily taking his challenge*]

Not a whit, sir! I am still a loyal subject.

HENRY

Loyal you may be, but we, too, have our loyalties. When a king no longer governs in justice, he ceases to be a king in right.

We have fallen beneath the weight of his displeasure and we bear it in patience. But we have seen in Massachusetts and the North how heavy can be his tyranny. The men of New England are our countrymen, and they, too, command our loyalty. Property has been disregarded. Just laws have been abrogated. Blood has been shed. If it be loyalty to bear all this in silence—

LADY CAROLINE

You speak, Mr. Henry, as though I were your House of Burgesses.

HENRY

I pray you, pardon me. I am loyal, but it seems I am not, as you are, Lady Caroline, a good subject.

[MRS. WASHINGTON *has poured tea, which* POMPEY *has handed to the three ladies. She now speaks to* PENDELTON.]

MRS. WASHINGTON

May I give you a dish of tea, Mr. Pendelton? It is soon like to become as scarce a commodity here as in Boston.

PENDELTON

I think I may stretch a point of conscience, madame. [*He takes the tea.*]

MISS MALBY

You need have no fear. It was purchased before they passed the Resolves.

LADY CAROLINE

How absurd to think of doing without tea. That seems too cruel, Mr. Henry.

CHARLES

Will your Congress prohibit exports as well? It would seem an easy way to repudiate your debts to England.

PENDELTON

We have no such desire, Mr. Dunmore.

WASHINGTON

If we owe money to England, nothing but the last necessity can justify the non-payment of it.

CHARLES

There has been talk of such repudiation.

HENRY

We will see every other method first tried which is legal and which will facilitate these payments.

LADY CAROLINE

What will be the end of this wrangle, Colonel Washington?

WASHINGTON

I fear none of us can see that far, Lady Caroline.

MRS. FAIRFAX

Caroline, Mr. Dunmore, I think the coach is waiting. Dear Martha, it has been a delightful afternoon. Good-day, Colonel Washington, Mr. Henry, Mr. Pendelton.

WASHINGTON

[*bowing*]

My compliments to your husband.

MRS. WASHINGTON

It was sweet of you to drive over.

HENRY

Good-day, Mrs. Fairfax.

PENDELTON

Good-day, madame.

LADY CAROLINE

This has been a great pleasure, Mrs. Washington. Colonel Washington—Mr. Pendelton—good-day. [*To* HENRY] Mr. Henry, you have failed to win me over. I fear you are a sad rebel.

HENRY

[*bowing*]

It had been worth the effort.

CHARLES

Mrs. Washington, gentlemen, I bid you good-day.

[MRS. FAIRFAX *and her guests go out through the gate, amid another little flutter of leave-taking.* COLONEL WASHINGTON *follows them.* HENRY *and* PENDELTON *remain with* MRS. WASHINGTON *and* MISS MALBY.]

MRS. WASHINGTON

My husband tells me that he goes with you to-morrow as a delegate to the Congress at Philadelphia.

PENDELTON

We count upon his company.

MRS. WASHINGTON

His family can ill spare him. I trust you will be firm, as he will be. This service is a great honour, a sacred duty.

HENRY

We believe it to be so. [*The tone of conversation is now grave, in contrast to the lightness of the previous scene.*]

MISS MALBY

I envy you the right to represent Virginia. She will have an eloquent voice to speak for her.

HENRY

If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington will be, unquestionably, the greatest man on the floor. [COLONEL WASHINGTON *has re-entered in time to hear the last sentence.*]

WASHINGTON

You do me too much honour. I am a man of limited abilities, but I shall, I hope, fulfil my duties.

MISS MALBY

Will there be talk of absolute independence?

HENRY

The Thing is in preparation. It is only the Word which some of us still fear.

MISS MALBY

What do you say, Colonel Washington?

WASHINGTON

That I, for one, am determined, whatever the end of this struggle, to devote my life and my property to the cause of Liberty and Justice.

THE CRIER

Now sharp alarms are sounding in the North,
And we must set our rudders 'gainst the blast,
And coasting home, furl sails by Boston Quay.
Congress has met, and moderate words prevail.
The King is deaf to our petitions. Here
In Boston, winter-long, the fires of strife
Have smouldered. Now the tea-ship's luckless
freight
Stains the deep harbour, and the scented wind
Blows us dark prophecies from out the East.
The port is closed. And we must yield or starve.
Ill fares it with the King, whose ministers
Repress and hesitate; and ill with those
Who deem it treason to deny the laws;
And ill with us, who dare to cry aloud,
Gather and muster. Loyalty must die
In some dim clashing hour that threatens here.
Spring wakes—the Spring of 'Seventy-Five,
And cloaks in green and rose our stubborn hills.
Now on the village square at Lexington

Our men are met, so dauntless—and so few—
To bar the way against the ruthless tread
Of our oppressors. Let the patriot heart
Beat high with memories; let your eyes behold
Not the faint shadows that play here to-night,
But the immortal valour of that morn
When first uprose the smokes of war, and blood
On the green grass cried out for Liberty.

SCENE III.

[*The time is early morning on the 19th of April, 1775. The place is the Town-Common at Lexington. When the scene opens, a company of* MINUTE MEN *are waiting on the Common. Those who have come in from the more distant farms have pitched a sort of rude camp, and are cooking and eating their breakfast. Near the centre of the back of the stage is seen the house of* JONATHAN HARRINGTON. MRS. HARRINGTON *stands on the low steps and is passing out refreshments to the men.* HARRINGTON *and* CAPT. PARKER *stand apart from the others talking earnestly. There is little noise of any kind.*]

A YOUNG FARMER

Cap'n Parker, I've been here since three this morning. If there ain't any present use for me, I'd like to go out home and tell my wife to drive in the cows.

CAPT. PARKER

I can't let any man leave this Common. There's like to be fighting here. I'm waiting for orders.

YOUNG FARMER

You're plumb sure there's going to be fighting right here, are you?

PARKER

I hope not; but I'm afraid we can't avoid it without running away.

YOUNG FARMER

All right, cap'n. I'll stay. The cows can wait. [*He saunters back to the* MINUTE MEN.]

HARRINGTON

[*to* PARKER]

We have only sixty or seventy men, a few rounds of ammunition, and no cannon. Shall we be able to hold back the soldiers?

PARKER

That depends on the force they bring against us, Mr. Harrington. We are here to check the British until the military stores at Concord can be safely moved. We can only do our best under the circumstances.

[*Enter* BOWMAN *from the right. He goes hurriedly up to* PARKER *and* HARRINGTON *and speaks to the former.*]

BOWMAN

Are you Captain Parker?

PARKER

I am. What's your business with me?

BOWMAN

My name's Bowman. I was with Revere and Dawes and Prescott last night. They gave me word to watch the Lexington road. You'd better get your men formed, Captain. The British are coming.

PARKER

About how many did you count?

BOWMAN

Six light companies. They're right behind us. Hark to that! It's the drums now!

[*There is a sound of drums in the distance. The* MINUTE MEN *listen, point in the direction of the sound, and begin to reach for their muskets.*]

PARKER

Attention, all of you!

[*The sound of drums draws nearer. The* MINUTE MEN *form in a double line at the left of the stage.* PARKER, *with* HARRINGTON *beside him, takes his place in front of them.*]

Look to your primings!

[MAJOR PITCAIRN *enters at the head of the British, from the right. They draw up facing the Americans.*]

MAJ. PITCAIRN

Disperse, ye rebels; disperse!

PARKER

[*to his own men*]

Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war let it begin here.

MAJ. PITCAIRN

In the name of his gracious Majesty, George the Third, I call upon you to lay down your arms, or take the consequences of your rebellion! [*Turning to his soldiers*] Make ready! Take aim! [*To the Americans*] For the last time, I call upon you to disperse!

PARKER

Stand your ground, men!

MAJ. PITCAIRN

Fire!

[*The soldiers pour in a volley. Several* MINUTE MEN *fall. Others reply to the British fire with a few scattering shots, advance a few steps, as if to attack, are met with another volley, break their formation, and retreat to the left.* HARRINGTON *falls close to the steps of his own house. The soldiers remain in position. They wave their hats and shout, "God save the King!"*]

MAJ. PITCAIRN

Attention! We are to take the Concord Road. Left, forward, fours left! March!

[*A lieutenant and a sergeant repeat the order and the British detachment marches off, back to the left, in direction of Concord.* MRS. HARRINGTON *and the other women come out of the house.* HARRINGTON *drags himself to the steps and dies in his wife's arms. The other women run out and kneel beside the dead and wounded* MINUTE MEN.]

[*The lights go out, leaving the stage dark.*]

[*When the lights come up again, a few hours are supposed to have elapsed. It is noon of the same day and* LORD PERCY, *with a reinforcement of British foot, is holding Lexington Common. Half a dozen men are on sentry duty.* LORD PERCY *and* LIEUTENANT NASH *are walking up and down together near the front of the stage. There is sound of firing in the extreme distance.*]

LORD PERCY

I don't fancy that firing, Mr. Nash. [*He stops to listen.*] It sounds as though Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn might be falling back from Concord.

LIEUT. NASH

Surely, my lord, Colonel Smith would not think it worth while to hold the place after he has destroyed the rebel supplies.

LORD PERCY

If he has been successful, it is too early to expect him to fall back on this position, Mr. Nash. His men have been marching and fighting all day. Any good officer would halt at least an hour for rest and rations.

[*The sound of firing becomes louder.*]

LIEUT. NASH

You cannot suppose that these raw militia companies have been able to stand against our regulars!

LORD PERCY

[*lisiening again to the firing*]

I don't like it, sir. The whole country is up. I don't like these narrow lanes and these cursed stone fences. They can pick our men off like rabbits at every corner.

[*A* TROOPER *enters from the left and salutes* LORD PERCY.]

THE TROOPER

From Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, sir! Our troops met with unexpected resistance at Concord. The rebel stores had been removed. Colonel Smith is falling

back on your support. He is doing so in good order, but the rebels are out in great force. They fight from behind the rocks and trees like red Indians. Our losses are heavy, sir.

LORD PERCY

You see, Mr. Nash! We shall be lucky to get back to Boston without serious trouble.

LIEUT. NASH

They can hardly do our fresh troops much damage, my lord. One British soldier should be a match for three of those farmers in the open.

LORD PERCY

We shall not have them in the open, and you forget that we are fighting against men of our own blood. We may count on meeting true British pluck. You may give the men their orders.

[*The firing is now very near.* LIEUT. NASH *gives some orders which are not heard by the audience. The soldiers form across the right of the stage. The men of* SMITH'S *detachment begin to straggle in, and take positions behind* LORD PERCY'S *reenforcements.* PITCAIRN *enters and stands beside* PERCY. *The Americans are seen through the trees, to the left. The British fire a volley, which is returned. The Americans advance, shouting and firing as they come. The British begin to give way, fire one more volley and retreat slowly in the direction of Boston, to the right. The Americans cross the stage in pursuit, cheering.*]

THE CRIER

Now are we come to trial of our strength,
And our gaunt patriot bands are in the field
To meet the armies of an empire; now the name
Of Independence, spoken openly
Is on men's lips, and we defy the King.
Let now a year of deepening struggle pass:
The stubborn fight on Bunker Hill, when first
In pitted battle, line on serried line,
They came against us, and we drove them back.
Now Congress takes these troops to be its own,
And gives command, beneath the Cambridge elm,
To the renowned Virginian, Washington.
He lays round Boston town a bitter siege,
And the King's men take flight. This year-long strife
We pass—the march and counter-march,
Defeats and victories. But still we fight
Without a name or nation, and our war

In the world's eyes, is a rebellious war;
And Washington,
Head of our starving army, is a man
With a great cause, but still without a flag.
Behold, here in New York, where now he camps,
A messenger brings news of a great hour—
A mighty deed not wrought with arms and fire—
Word of a nation's birth. And we shall hear
Resounding through the unborn centuries
This Declaration, while the world shall stand.

SCENE IV.

[*It is early evening in July, 1776, just after* LORD HOWE'S *fleet has arrived in the harbour of New York, and just before the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence has reached the Continental Army. The place is an open square in the town of New York. At the back of the stage is an equestrian statue of George III. At the right is a house which* GEN. WASHINGTON *is using for his temporary headquarters. There are also the fronts of several other houses in sight. Two* SOLDIERS *of the General's Guard are on sentry duty, one before the door of headquarters and the other at the back of the stage. About a dozen others lounge at the base of the statue, smoking and playing cards. The butcher's* BOY *enters from the left. He carries a large basket and is whistling. He wiggles his fingers at the nearest sentry. The soldiers laugh, and he crosses the stage as if to enter the door of headquarters. The sentry at the door halts him.*]

THE SENTRY

Hold up there! Where d'ye think ye're going?

THE BOY

Into the house, o' course.

THE SENTRY

This is General Washington's headquarters. What d'ye want?

THE BOY

Mebbe I wants to join the Army. Le'me by; I'm in a hurry.

THE SENTRY

Give the password.

THE BOY

I ain't got no password. Le'me by! I got a cut of meat for the cook.

THE SENTRY

Put yer meat on the steps. I'll see she gets it.

THE BOY

Not I! I got to have the money for it.

THE SENTRY

Off ye go then!

THE OTHER SENTRY

Oh, let the lad by, Tod! The General must eat.

[*The soldiers laugh again.* LIEUT. PROSBY *enters from the left, in time to hear what follows.*]

THE FIRST SENTRY

It's against orders. Here, youngster, sneak around to the back door.

[*The boy runs around the side of the house.* PROSBY *strides to the centre of the stage very importantly.*]

PROSBY

[*to the soldiers, who are still laughing*]

Here, you! Why aren't you standing at attention? Where's your corporal? Get up and form! The General's coming.

[*The soldiers shuffle into line and stand at atten-*

tion. PROSBY *turns to the sentry at the door and speaks in the gruffest voice.*]

Attention, sentry!

THE FIRST SENTRY

Yes, sir.

PROSBY

You just let that boy go into headquarters without giving the password. You've disobeyed orders. I could have you in the guard-house.

THE SECOND SENTRY

[*familiarly*]

Look here, lieutenant! You and me and Tod, there, worked in the same shop back in Guilford, and we're all likely to be working there again. My time's up next week.

PROSBY

Shut up! This is no discipline.

THE FIRST SENTRY

You might speak to a man decent. There's no harm done.

PROSBY

I've a mind to report you both.

THE SECOND SENTRY

Don't be uppity. Come now, lend me some tobacco and we'll cry quits.

PROSBY

[*much flustered*]

You'll try this sort of thing once too often.

[*He rushes into the house, amid a new burst of laughter from the men, just as* GEN. WASHINGTON *and* GEN. SULLIVAN *enter from*

the left. The soldiers spruce up and present arms.]

SULLIVAN

General Washington, I find it more and more difficult to deal with the Civil Authorities. The whole town is alive with Tory plots. There are many who believe it must be given up within the week.

WASHINGTON

We must have patience and fortitude, General Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

We must have supplies, money, and men. The British have thirty thousand troops on Staten Island. Lord Howe's fleet has newly arrived to support them, and we can barely count ten thousand of our soldiers who are not in the hospitals or on furlough. The Congress at Philadelphia is our only responsible source of authority. Will Congress do nothing?

WASHINGTON

Congress will do what it can. I have argued the need of regularly enlisted troops to replace the militia regiments. I have begged for arms, clothing, and hospital supplies. We must wait.

SULLIVAN

In the meantime, the British will strike before we have the strength or the experience to oppose them.

WASHINGTON

We will neglect no means by which we can

hasten that strength and experience, General Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

The position is well nigh hopeless, sir. The army can only be saved by abandoning it at once.

WASHINGTON

I look, sir, beyond the present hour and the immediate military situation. We can better afford to suffer than to dampen the spirit of the Country by giving up New York without a determined struggle.

[COL. WELLS *enters, followed by* CAPT. MARSH, *who is under arrest.* MARSH *is guarded by two soldiers.*]

COLONEL WELLS

[*saluting* GEN. WASHINGTON]

A prisoner, your excellency.

WASHINGTON

Why is he wearing the uniform of an American officer?

CAPT. MARSH

I'm not a British spy, if that's what you mean. My name's Marsh. I'm a captain in the New Jersey Militia.

WASHINGTON

What is the charge against Captain Marsh?

COL. WELLS

He was caught with a party of men plundering a house just outside our lines. He was ordered to return the goods, as taken contrary to general orders, which he not only refused to do, but drew up his party

and swore he would defend them at the hazard of his life.

WASHINGTON

This is a serious affair, Captain Marsh.

CAPT. MARSH

The men were in wretched condition; half rations for more than a week, General Washington. They were poorly clad, every one of them, been on double duty four days and four nights. Three of them were sick with a fever. I tried to get relief but couldn't. We only took food and clothing.

WASHINGTON

I am forced to sympathize with you, Captain Marsh, and I regret the necessary severity, but you must stand trial for plundering, disobedience of orders, and mutiny. Colonel Wells, you may remove your prisoner.

[COL. WELLS *salutes and withdraws, followed by* MARSH *and the two soldiers.* WASHINGTON *turns to* SULLIVAN.]

An army formed of good officers moves like clock-work; but there is no situation on earth less enviable or more distressing than that person's when he is at the head of troops regardless of order and discipline, and unprovided with almost every necessity.

[COL. REED *enters with* COL. PATERSON, LORD HOWE'S *adjutant-general, and an escort of four American soldiers.* COL. WELLS *and* LIEUT. PROSBY *also return together.*]

COL. REED

Your Excellency, this is Colonel Paterson, adjutant-general to Lord Howe.

WASHINGTON

I am pleased to receive you, Colonel Paterson.

COL. PATERSON

You are most kind, sir. Pray accept my compliments.

WASHINGTON

May I inquire the nature of your errand?

COL. PATERSON

I am the bearer of a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. George Washington.

WASHINGTON

[smiling]

Is it by Lord Howe's orders that you decline to address me by my proper title? My position is well known.

COL. PATERSON

Both on Lord Howe's part and my own, I regret the apparent discourtesy, but we cannot officially recognize the source of your military rank.

WASHINGTON

In that case, Colonel Paterson, out of respect for the Congress which gave me that rank, I cannot officially receive Lord Howe's letter.

COL. PATERSON

It contains an offer of free pardon to your Excellency and to all other Americans now in arms against his gracious Majesty, George the Third.

WASHINGTON

I am to understand that Lord Howe's power extends only to granting of pardons?

COL. PATERSON

He is not empowered to treat in regard to terms.

WASHINGTON

Then, sir, there is little use in arguing the matter. Americans battling for their rights require no pardons.

COL PATERSON

You will not accept the letter?

WASHINGTON

The interview is ended, Colonel Paterson.

COL. PATERSON

[*bowing*]

I regret my lack of success. [*He turns to* COL. REED.] Will you replace the blindfold, Colonel Reed?

WASHINGTON

You may dispense with that. Colonel Paterson is welcome to see what he can. I bid you good-day.

COL. PATERSON

Good-day, sir. [*He bows and goes out with* COL. REED *and the escort.* LIEUT. PROSBY *follows them off.*]

WASHINGTON

General Sullivan, you will at once take steps to strengthen the works on Brooklyn Heights.

[*He moves toward the door of headquarters and stands on the first step.* LIEUT. PROSBY *returns, followed by a* MESSENGER.]

PROSBY

Your Excellency! A Messenger from the Congress at Philadelphia!

WASHINGTON

[*turning to the* MESSENGER]

Ah!—Come, man, speak up.

MESSENGER

I must speak to the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America.

WASHINGTON

I am General George Washington.

MESSENGER

[*saluting*]

I am directed, sir, to bring you the greetings of Congress and to say that on the fourth day of July was declared the absolute independence of the American Nation.

[WASHINGTON *and the other officers take off their hats. The soldiers raise a shout, and the* MESSENGER *gives* WASHINGTON *a rolled copy of the Declaration.* WASHINGTON *raises his hand for silence.*]

WASHINGTON

Gentlemen, you have heard the glorious news. It brings with it new faith and new strength. You have been steadfast in your stand against injustice and the invasion of your rights by a King and Parliament. You must now be equally steadfast in cherishing the honour and dignity of your new-born Republic. The peace and safety of the country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms.

[*There is a sound of bells and shouting in the distance.*]

COL. WELLS

The news is over half the town already. Will you order a parade of the troops?

WASHINGTON

Colonel Wells, you may send word to the Generals of Brigade to assemble all companies not actually needed on duty. Come, gentlemen, we must read the Declaration to the Army.

[*There is a sound of drums. The square is rapidly filling with soldiers and townsfolk. Another detachment of soldiers crosses the back of the stage in good order with drums and colours. They are followed by a mob of boys and men.*]

THE CROWD

Hurrah for Liberty! Hurrah for Independence! Down with the British! Hurrah for the Army!

[*The* CRIER *mounts upon a box and reads the Declaration of Independence, the crowd cheering and shouting. The butcher's* BOY *elbows through the crowd and climbs on to a barrel, and points to the statue of George the Third.*]

THE BOY

Look at George the Third! Look at the bloody tyrant!

THE CROWD

[*Pointing and shaking their fists at the statue.*]
Aye, aye! Look at him! Look at the King!

Build a bonfire under his horse! Make him move.

THE BOY

[*still screaming*]

Pull him down! Pull him down!

THE CROWD

Pull him down! Pull him down! Pull him down! Get ropes!

[*It is now almost dark. Some of the crowd have lighted torches, some light red fires, while others throw ropes about the neck of the statue. There are more cries of "Pull him down." The men lay hold of the ropes and the statue comes down with a crash. There is a great shout and the lights go out, leaving the stage in total darkness.*]

STAGE GUILD MASQUES

THE MASQUE OF QUETZAL'S BOWL

The MASQUE OF QUETZAL'S BOWL was written for the second anniversary of the House Warming of the Cliff-Dwellers, February 10, 1911, and produced by Donald Robertson with scenery by Allen E. Philbrick with the following caste:

IN THE WORK-SHOP

AN ARTIFICER.....Hart Conway
AN ANTIQUARIAN.....Donald Robertson

IN THE VISION

COCIJO-EZA, the old King....Robert R. Jarvie
COCIJO-PIJ, the Young King...K. S. Goodman
UIJA-TAO, High Priest of Mitla
Thomas Wood Stevens
AN AZTEC COUNCILOR.....Charles E. Nixon
A COPA.....Allen E. Philbrick

SCENE I. An Artificer's Work-Shop

SCENE II. The Artificer's Vision—A Temple at Mitla

SCENE III. The Work-Shop

THE MASQUE OF QUETZAL'S BOWL

In the Work-Shop

The Scene is the work-room of the ARTIFICER. *He is an elderly man, very dry and matter-of-fact, and is engaged in restoring small pieces of metal-work and pottery for the Museum. The centre of the stage is occupied by a plain deal table, upon which is a collection of small cups, terra-cotta figures, bottles of cement, pots of paint, brushes, etc. The* ARTIFICER *is working at one end of this table. He faces the right of the stage. At the opposite end of the table, covered with a piece of black cloth, is the Bowl. There is only one door to the room; this is at the right, near the back. Entire back wall is occupied by a large case with shelves. To the left, behind the* ARTIFICER, *is a safe, upon which stands a small lunch-basket. As the curtain rises, the* ARTIFICER *is holding one of the figurines in his hand and putting the last touches on it with a long-handled brush.*

ARTIFICER

So! Now! One more little dab and you'll look quite as if you had never been broken. There! No! Just a bit more and perhaps a touch of black on the lips. How's that? Ha, ha! Perfect! Perfect! Ha, ha! Perfect! Stand over there. Nothing for them to do now but print you a label.

[*To the other objects on the table*]

Come, step up. Who's next? Who's next, I say. Oh, you, eh? Well, what's the trouble with you?

[*A timid rap on the door to which the* ARTIFICER *pays no attention.*]

A serious wound, eh? A bad fracture, eh? Been in poor health for three thousand years? Pshaw! that's nothing. I've had patients come to me in far worse shape. Cement will fix you. That's it—so. You're not more than a five-minute job.

[*A louder tap on the door.*]

When I've done with you and they get you under glass, people will hardly believe you ever saw the inside of a tomb.

[*The door opens and the* ANTIQUARIAN *enters. He stands, listening.*]

Why, I've seen the Arabs selling thousands like you, fresh from Birmingham by the last boat. It takes a sixth sense to tell the genuine.

ANTIQUARIAN

I beg your pardon.

ARTIFICER

Good evening! Have you been here long?

ANTIQUARIAN

Only a moment. You didn't hear when I knocked, so I took the liberty of coming in. I say, you didn't hear me when I knocked.

ARTIFICER

Oh, yes, I heard you knock. You knocked three times.

ANTIQUARIAN

Twice.

ARTIFICER

If you had knocked four times, I should have said "Come in." That's a system of mine. It's very clever, I think. You see, if people just knock out of curiosity, they never knock more than three times, then they go away.

ANTIQUARIAN

But, doesn't it annoy you to have people knocking so long?

ARTIFICER

Not so much as to have people come in while I am at work.

ANTIQUARIAN

I'm very sorry.

ARTIFICER

Pray don't apply the remark. Can I serve you?

ANTIQUARIAN

Possibly. Yes—in fact, I think you might be of service to me. But, may I ask what you are doing, and why you are doing it?

ARTIFICER

I am a doctor for sick antiquities—a surgeon

for broken pottery and battered metal ware. You see my patients. I put them in good health for the Museums and Collectors. Have you anything to mend? Did the Director of the Museum send you?

ANTIQUARIAN

No one sent me, and I have nothing to mend.

ARTIFICER

That's curious. Very few people come in here unless someone sends them. I failed to catch your name.

ANTIQUARIAN

I did not give you my name. You would not know me by reputation. I believe I happened in merely by instinct. May I look at your patients? I feel that you have something here which I would very much like to examine.

ARTIFICER

It is an interesting group, to-night. This is an Osiris from Thebes. Here is a splendid bit of Memphian goldwork,—a queen's amulet; a canopic jar;—a nice Etruscan necklace, very nearly perfect—and several other things. I've barely had time to look them over myself.

ANTIQUARIAN

[*with intention*]

Yes, yes, I see. But do you happen to have any drinking cups—any bowls that were ever used for making libations—any urns or vases or jars that ever held wine of any description?

ARITFICER

You will find excellent collections of such things at the Museum. I believe there are some in the Egyptian section, a great many in the gold room, Tyrian, Phoenician, Assyrian, Roman, and, of course, more recent pieces, Florentine, Venetian and the like. You are familiar with our Museum?

ANTIQUARIAN

I think I can claim to be familiar with your Museum—and with a great many others. Yours is very wonderful.

ARTIFICER

I'm glad to hear you say so. We take a great deal of pride in it. It is wonderfully instructive—wonderfully instructive.

ANTIQUARIAN

It is full of beautiful things. It is like a great illustrated book of history. It is very instructive, as you say—a treasure house, where the treasure belongs to anyone who cares to go and look at it. Your city is very fortunate.

ARTIFICER

I am glad to hear you say so. Our Director would be glad to hear you say so.

ANTIQUARIAN

There is much to enjoy in your Museum,—much to wonder at and dream over—but the cases which contain drinking cups and wine jars,—they depress me.

ARTIFICER

I do not understand you.

ANTIQUARIAN

In a wine cup the material is nothing, the workmanship is nothing. I do not stop to look or listen because nothing moves or sings. The Dream is locked up as securely as the clay or the gold or the jade or the crystal.

ARTIFICER

But, just now you were asking to see drinking cups and wine jars. I think you said you were particularly interested in such things.

ANTIQUARIAN

Not when they are under glass. When a wine cup is once labeled and under glass it is dead, pitiful, dry forever,—utterly uninteresting. Unless you can take it out, wet its thirsty lips and bring it to life, it has nothing to tell you. I care only for the cups which have not yet been ranged along your terrible galleries or tortured in the neat cabinets of your dry collections. Poor, ancient, thirsty, living cups which I can take in my own hands, rescue to kindlier use, fill and keep filled with wine.

ARTIFICER

This is very curious. Are you a collector or only a literary man?

ANTIQUARIAN

I am a Hunter of Lost Visions. Every act was born of a vision. All the finished dramas, the chiseled and polished marbles, the canvases, and fabrics of granite and

bronze, all the feastings and revels and wars of kings, all the amours of queens and courtesans, the creeds, the heresies, the terrors, the reformations of the world begin and end in visions which do not die. It is my profession to restore some of those which are lost.

ARTIFICER

This is most amazing!

ANTIQUARIAN

I specialize in such shadows and pictures as swim just beneath the surface of cool wine, when it lies in old goblets of any sort, provided, of course, that they were ever used for such a purpose—I can do nothing with water. You would be amazed to know how many of the sounding victories of the earth began at the bottom of a wine cup.

ARTIFICER

I cannot exactly follow you. Of what does your collection consist? To what use do you put it?

ANTIQUARIAN

I have many little things that would scarcely catch the eye of an ordinary antiquarian, they appear so common at first glance.

ARTIFICER

For example?

ANTIQUARIAN

Well, for example, two little black earthenware cups, from the Necropolis of Tharros and Carolis, from which Hamilcar drank native wine, when he rested in Sardinia on

his way to the conquest of Sicily. These hold wild visions splotched with the black shadows of Roman eagles. Then I have a bronze cup from which Menephta sucked the first long draughts after the defeat of the Shardana at the mouth of the Nile, years before they carved the little men with the two-horned helmets on the speos of Ipsamboul and the pylons of Medinet Abou. I also have the cup which touched the lips of Antony as the galleys swung into line at Actium. It holds only a faint rumor of surging water, the clear face of Cleopatra and voluptuous murmurings of stringed instruments.

ARTIFICER

But the use to which you put these?

ANTIQUARAN

Simple enough. For instance, not long ago I met a young friend, once a poet of great promise. For a year he had written nothing. The power, the urge, the whatever-you-wish-to-name-it, had left him. He told me his soul was dead. That night we dined in my house. He drank champagne from a goblet out of which the divine Sapho had sipped fire in the shade of the myrtles of Mytilene. Today his is a name to conjure with.

ARTIFICER

This is very fanciful, very charming, to be sure, but as you see, I have only the figurines, the amulets and these others. I am

afraid I can be of no service to you this evening.

ANTIQUARIAN

Are you sure you have nothing else? I am so rarely mistaken when I trust to my instinct.

ARTIFICER

There is nothing, I assure you, sir, except a piece of prehistoric western ware, which I am repairing for the American collection.

ANTIQUARIAN

May I see it?

ARTIFICER

It is under that black cloth.

[*The* ANTIQUARIAN *raises the cloth and his eyes become greedy.*]

ANTIQUARIAN

Do you know the history of this piece?

ARTIFICER

It is a household piece used only for storing grain.

ANTIQUARIAN

You are wrong. Man! Man! If this Bowl were filled with wine, the spirit of the old West would cry from it. We might even glimpse the dream of an Empire which failed. I have seen but one such Bowl in my life, and I could not touch it. You must let me have this—I say you must let me have this. I can put it to great use.

ARTIFICER

Pray, sir, be calm. Your enthusiasm has run away with your judgment.

ANTIQUARIAN

It has held the wine of Quetzal in some Aztec temple—the juice—

ARTIFICER

You are mistaken. It has held only corn, and later, possibly, a little dust.

ANTIQUARIAN

I am never mistaken. Do you think I cannot feel the vision throbbing to be set free? I can almost hear the Zapotec war drums. Oh, Mitla, Mitla, your Gate of Death might be mirrored in this Bowl. Oh, Cozaana—Pitao—Cozaana, Oh, Huichaana. Oh, forgotten gods, what could you tell me from the new wine! You must let me have this Bowl—its place is waiting.

ARTIFICER

I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but the bowl is the property of the Museum.

ANTIQUARIAN

You do not know how much of the new world is built upon old visions. What is there in our art, our literature, our material grandeur which has not come, some way, somehow—from the old, and to you the old means Egypt, Greece, Rome. The young men cry for the great American Spirit, but the new visions are so hard to win and the old so hard to restore—when the blind and the careless insist upon locking them away.

ARTIFICER

But, my dear sir!

ANTIQUARIAN

I will dedicate this Bowl to the uses of cheer and good fellowship. I will unprison its dreams for a circle of poets and artists and makers of music. You must let me take it with me. Its place is waiting.

ARTIFICER

It is quite impossible.

ANTIQUARIAN

Blind and deaf!

ARTIFICER

Possibly; but I must refuse you, sir, finally.

ANTIQUARIAN

It is not my first failure. I beg you to pardon my intrusion.

ARTIFICER

It has been a pleasure.

ANTIQUARIAN

Good night.

[*Exit*]

ARTIFICER

Fantastic old party. [*Yawns.*] Jove, I'm more than tired! Hello! Why come to think of it, I haven't taken time to eat my supper. Whew, well, I must eat, I suppose. Let me see what Martha has put in my basket this time.

[*He picks up the basket and takes out the cold supper.*]

Some chicken, a couple of lettuce sandwiches and a bottle of wine.

[*He holds up the bottle, looks at the label, glances at the Bowl, then at the door, then stands gazing into the Bowl, half fascinated.*]

I wonder! I wonder! I wonder! [*Touches the Bowl.*]

There is nothing strange about it that I can see. The usual design, little figures, rather crude at that. The old gentleman must be just a trifle cracked. Pity I couldn't fix him up with some of my cement. Ha, ha! a pity!

[*Looks more closely.*]

My eyes must be terribly tired. I wonder—I wonder—Why the thing seems to glow—positively—there seems to be a little swirling mist at the bottom of it. I wonder—I wonder. [*He looks at the bottle.*] He said Wine! Well, well, I'll risk a few drops—just a very few drops on a chance.

[*He pours from the bottle, then as if his wrist were being held by an unseen person, the bottle is tilted slowly and the entire contents flow into the Bowl.*]

How's this! I feel as though someone were holding my wrist with icy fingers.

[*The lights go down. There is a roll of drums and the curtain falls.*]

When the lights come on, the scene is the interior of the temple of the Zapotecs at Mitla. At one side, a door leading to the other parts of the temple; at the other, a stone which closes the Gateway to the Under World, the cave of Chalcatongo. Beside this stone is a figure of TLAELQUANI. *The idols of the two Great Gods stand at the back of the stage. The dead body of the last king,*

COCIJO-EZA, *lies in state at the left of the stage, the feet toward the door of the underworld.* ACOLYTES (*guardians and sacrificers*) *prostrate themselves beside the body, praying for the admittance of the dead king. The high priest,* UIJA-TAO, *stands motionless before the image.*

UIJA-TAO

[*to the Earth goddess*]

Tlaelquani—Tlaelquani—Tlaelquani,
Goddess of Earth and Night, Eater of Sin,
Thou who devourest the black burdens of the drowned spirit of man.
Be merciful.
Open the stone gateway—Open the caverns of Night
Open the hunting grounds of Death.
Tlaelquani—Tlaelquani—Tlaelquani.
A dead king waits at thy gateway,
A dead king waits here at the place of resting of the winds.
The spirit of the dead king waits.
Open thy gateway, Tlaelquani.

[*He pauses.*]

THE KNEELING PRIESTS

Open thy gateway, Tlaelquani.

[*There is a moment of stillness; then* UIJA-TAO *turns and dismisses the priests, going himself to the god* COZAANA PITAO.]

UIJA-TAO

Cozaana—Pitao—Cozaana—
Father of the lords of Dawn and Twilight,
Father of the strong mighty wind Piji-tao,

Creator of Beasts, Illuminator of Earth, Pro-creator of Life.
Thy prophet speaks.
Is it bidden that this king shall wait outside the gateway till the stone rots down?
Is it bidden that this king shall never find the Peace of Darkness?
Is it bidden that thy prophet shall cry before thee in vain forever?
[*He waits for an answer, then speaks again.*]
I have brought thee the ropes of twisted grass, with the blood of thy priests sprinkled upon them;
I have poured out to thee the rich juice of the agave, and the waters of Chalcatongo.
I have filled for thee the sacred Bowl. Thou art silent.
Be it so, Cozaana Pitao. There are greater gods.
I will carry my sacrifice away.
I will pray no more to little gods who eat and are fat but speak not.
[*He takes the Bowl over to* HUICHAANA.]
Huichaana, mighty Mother of Life, embracer of the white sun,
Huichaana, Goddess of the still and the sliding waters, Mother of Fishes, Creatrix of men—
Thy prophet calls thee.
If thou hearest me, let there be in mine ears a roar of great white waters;
Let there be a breaking of silver waves against thy golden anklets.
[*Watching the Bowl*]
Huichaana, the dead king waits—Art thou silent?

[*He backs away and looks at the great image.*]
These gods are cold to us.
[*He goes to the dead king and speaks to him.*]
Cocijo-eza, Lord of Mitla, the gates are closed to thee,
The gods will not speak, the Earth Mother will not eat thy sins,
Thou shalt wander, and the slanting whips of the sunlight shall scourge thy naked spirit.
I can do nothing.
[*He turns again to the* COZAANA *image, and speaks familiarly.*]
Little god, I am minded to smite thee on thy silent mouth.
Ungrateful one.
[*To* HUICHAANA]
Little Fish Lady, why art thou so scornful? I have fed thee well and thou hast drunk deep.
I begin to think thou art none too virtuous, Fish Lady, in thy green waters.
[*Seats himself by the altar of the* COZAANA, *and speaks over his shoulder to the dead king.*]
Old King, I have fed these gods well and they are snoring beasts,
I like it not, for thou, King, hast fed me well.
Thou hast sent me the richest sweetness of the land of Mitla.
I have drunk the headiest wine of agave and spiced syrups.
Thou hast sent me thy fairest, thy richest, the jewels of thy house, the crowns of thy kingdom.

Thou hast built for me this palace,
For me and these stubborn little gods; I am grateful.
Take heed, Cozaana Pitao, thy seer is grateful.
[*A sound of steps is heard.* UIJA-TAO *throws himself into an attitude of prayer. Enter a* COPA, *or* ACOLYTE.]
My son, what drives thee?
What drives thee to break the speech of a prophet with his gods?

THE COPA

Cocijo-pij, the new king, waits at the door, O Prophet.

UIJA-TAO

This Cocijo-pij—this king—he comes alone?

THE COPA

An Aztec comes with him—a man of Tenochtitlan.

UIJA-TAO

The gods love not these Aztecs.

THE COPA

Is it the wish of the prophet that one watch?

UIJA-TAO

The gods watch here. Open the door to this king.

THE COPA

It shall be done.

UIJA-TAO

Wait. Let thine eyes watch too. I would not have this Aztec come too near the gods.
[THE COPA *goes out.* UIJA-TAO *waits by the* COZAANA. *Enter* COCIJO-PIJ *with an* AZTEC COUNSELOR. *They salaam before the* HIGH PRIEST.]
Arise, young King. The gods welcome thee.

COCIJO-PIJ

I come to bring my sacrifices to the great temple
I come to ask of the gods luck in my kingdom.
I have given the hair of the maize to Piji-tao.
I have given my sins to Tlaelquani to devour.
I come now to pledge the smoking hearts of my captives,
The red hearts of my foes, to Cozaana Pitao,
The cold hearts to Huichaana, to the mother of men and fishes.
I have come to bow before thee, O Prophet.

UIJA-TAO

This is a wise coming. And how hast thou entered my temple?

COCIJO-PIJ

Through the little door—the little door that is for kings and war chiefs.

UIJA-TAO

This is good speaking, son of Cocijo-eza.
Thou shalt rule long in Tehuantepec,
And our Zapotec nation shall bow before thee,
While still thou reverest the gods, and feedest them well;
And the four Chacs, the rain gods, shall bless thee,
And thy people shall prosper through the round years.
I, Uija-tao, Prophet of the Shrines of Mitla, I bless thee, O King Cocijo-pij.

COCIJO-PIJ

O Seer, there is another speaking I must make:
My cousin, Montezuma, the sun of the Aztecs,
Shall he, too, prosper?

UIJA-TAO

It is ill that the blood of thy mother is strong in thee,
For she was of the blood of Montezuma.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

O King, this priest—he reviles us.

COCIJO-PIJ

He does not love the Aztecs, but he is a prophet.
They love or do not love—it is one to me,
I fear not.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

Then ask him for the Bowl thou didst promise.
Let me hear thee ask him, that I may know thee for a king.

COCIJO-PIJ

He is a holy prophet.

THE AZTECS

He is a priest who reviles Montezuma.

COCIJO-PIJ

O Holy One, I lie down as a dog in delight of spring,
Because thou hast prospered me.
I am as water to cool the shadows for thee.
I am as the bells of a dancer to pleasure thee.
I am thy slave.
My cousin, Montezuma, lord of Tenochtitlan, cometh to Mitla.
He will rest under my roof and I shall make a feast for him.
Is it well?

UIJA-TAO

It is a child's work to make a feast for a foe.
It is a fool's feast, O King, that thou eatest with the Aztecs.

COCIJO-PIJ

Thou art wise.
Thou art holy.
Still, Montezuma cometh; I must feast with him.

UIJA-TAO

It is a fool's feast.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

Ask him, O King, for the Bowl.
He will wake his gods if thou angerest him slowly.

COCIJO-PIJ

Holy One, my feast will be as dusty corn,
It will be as salt water and dead fruits,
If thou and thy gods favor not.
Give me, great Prophet, yon Bowl for our tables,
That our Zapotec nations may drink in splendor before Montezuma.

UIJA-TAO

This is a little thing thou askest.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

How have I told thee—be bold with thy priests, O King.

UIJA-TAO

It is a little thing—to profane the sacred Bowl,
To deflower this temple, to rieve away the goblets of the gods.
It is a little thing thou askest.
Not if Montezuma came through the little door on his knees,
Not though he died with his forehead in the dust of this temple floor,
Not though his spirit withered in the dry sunlight,

Not though his heart of pride should smoke in
the mouth of Cozaana,
Should his Aztec lips touch the rim of this bowl.
It is sacred.

COCIJO-PIJ

Holy One, I am reddened in mine eyes with
anger:
The great Montezuma is my brother.

UIJA-TAO

If thou wert Montezuma, it could not be other-
wise.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

Give him thy gold. These priests are greedy
ones.

COCIJO-PIJ

I bring to thy gods this casket of quilled gold;
I bring them these flakes of turquoise;
I bring them these draughts of quicksilver.
Ask them to give me the Bowl.

UIJA-TAO

Dost thou command me, little King?

COCIJO-PIJ

There is an ancient right. Thou shalt pray for
the King's desire:
So runs the law.

[UIJA-TAO *turns to* COZAANA *in an attitude of prayer. The* AZTEC *points to the Bowl and makes signs that the King shall take it away. The King starts toward it. The* COPA *drops on his knees.*]

UIJA-TAO

Let the hand wither, O Cozaana,
The hand that touches the sacred Bowl.
Let the heart break and the eyes be blinded,

The heart and the eyes that impiously desire it.
Let the spirit of the stealer be scathed with sunlight.
Let the hand wither.

COCIJO-PIJ

No, no, Holy Prophet. Recall thy curse.
Recall thy curse.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

He plays with thee. Art thou a king and a war chief?
Take what is thine.

COCIJO-PIJ

He has put a sleep and a terror upon me.
Lo, now I awake.
Old Priest, hear me now. I am master.
I am King and Captain of Mitla. I am War Chief.
This house of the gods is not so dark as to blind me,
I am master of it. I am lord. My brother,
The Aztec, is coming. I would drink in splendour.
Old Priest, I will take the Bowl. I revere the high gods,
But not thee. Stand back, old Priest, for my hands are hot for the rim
And my throat is thirsty for the flame of it.
Behold, the Bowl is mine. Here I claim it.

UIJA-TAO

Beware of the hate of the gods!

COCIJO-PIJ

Beware of my hand that smites, and my arrows.
I will go with the Bowl.

UIJA-TAO

Thou art Captain and King, but the gods—

COCIJO-PIJ

Call on thy gods. Let them stay me.

UIJA-TAO

Mighty King, hear me, thy prophet.

THE AZTEC COUNSELOR

The day of Montezuma's coming will be black for thee,
And the thunder of his voice shall pierce thee,
If thou offer him less than thy promise.
I have sent him thy word, young King:
He shall drink from this Bowl of the God's Delight.

UIJA-TAO

Thou wilt feast in splendours, thou child of the Aztec serpent.
The lord of Tenochtitlan comes, and he feasts, and the Beak of Huitzlil is on his brow.
He will feast on thy kingdom.
Stand back. Lo, I tell thee a mystery.
I am the guardian of the Bowl. Thy father builded this temple to preserve it. The glory of our people shines in it.
Long ago came the pale god, mighty Quetzal,
And he made the earth to bloom and the streams to gleam with silver, and the skies to bless our nations.
He was prophet and king and god. He was holy.
He gathered the winds and the rains in his hand and he mastered them. He was a maker of gods. Then he vanished.
He drank form this Bowl, and was drunken with

love and delight and his vows were forgotten.
He awoke and the doom was upon him.
He went down to the sea and sailed in a canoe of serpent skins into the sunrise.
He arose as a star in the morning—withered and chilled to the star of the morning.
Thou wouldst take for thy feastings his Bowl, for thine insolent feast with the Aztec King?
Thou groveller, what are thy feasts to the kiss of his lips in the dawning?
What are thy guests to the gods who feast here in this temple?
Thou shalt bring us thy meats and thy fruits. We shall drink the dark wine of thy splendours.
Thou shalt send me the riches of thy table, and thy daughters, thy maidens shall serve me:
Thou, who art dust, who art sin, who art mortal.
Go, King, with thy slaves, and bring in thy kingdom to appease the insulted gods.

COCIJO-PIJ

I go with the Bowl of Quetzal, O Prophet.
[*He steps forward and the priest leaps up by the altar.*]

UIJA-TAO

Thy father's spirit leaps in the air, an ocelot in the night.
Stand back. Thus I give thee the splendour of Quetzal.
[*He lifts the Bowl above his head and hurls it down upon the temple floor. The lights vanish*

with the crash. The sound falls away tinkling into silence. A knock is heard and repeated. The lights come on and the scene is as in SCENE I. *The* ARTIFICER *wakes, groping above the Bowl.*]

ARTIFICER

Cozaana—Pitao—Cozaana. Oh, Huichaana.

[*Enter the* ANTIQUARIAN.]

And yet it is not broken!

ANTIQUARIAN

I beg your pardon!

ARTIFICER

Are you a priest sent from Mitla?

ANTIQUARIAN

I am an absent minded old fellow with a habit of leaving my only umbrella when I make calls.

ARTIFICER

You have come back. I knew you would come back.

ANTIQUARIAN

For the umbrella. Here it is. So sorry to have disturbed you a second time. Good night.

ARTIFICER

Wait, wait.

ANTIQUARIAN

Well?

ARTIFICER

You are going away without it. You are going away without it a second time.

ANTIQUARIAN

The umbrella? You see I have it in my hand.

ARTIFICER

No, no! The Bowl! The Bowl!

ANTIQUARIAN

Ah.

ARTIFICER

The Bowl of Quetzal! There has been wine in the Bowl.

ANTIQUARIAN

Ah, there has been wine in the Bowl?

ARTIFICER

I tell you, I have seen your forgotten gods with the terrible names. I have heard the drums and the cymbals. I have stood before the stone which bars the way to the Place of the Resting of the Winds. You must take the Bowl.

ANTIQUARIAN

Have you forgotten that it is the property of your Museum, your wonderful, your instructive, your zealous Museum?

ARTIFICER

No! No! It shall belong to your poets, painters, builders of temples, makers of music. Take it! Take it!

ANTIQUARIAN

And what will you tell your Director.

ARTIFICER

[*pointing to a box on the floor*]

You see these fragments. I could not restore the Bowl.

THE ANTIQUARIAN
[taking the Bowl]
You have restored it!

CURTAIN

[As the curtain falls the ANTIQUARIAN *comes before it and presents the Bowl to the President of the Club.]*

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